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JUNE 11, 1958

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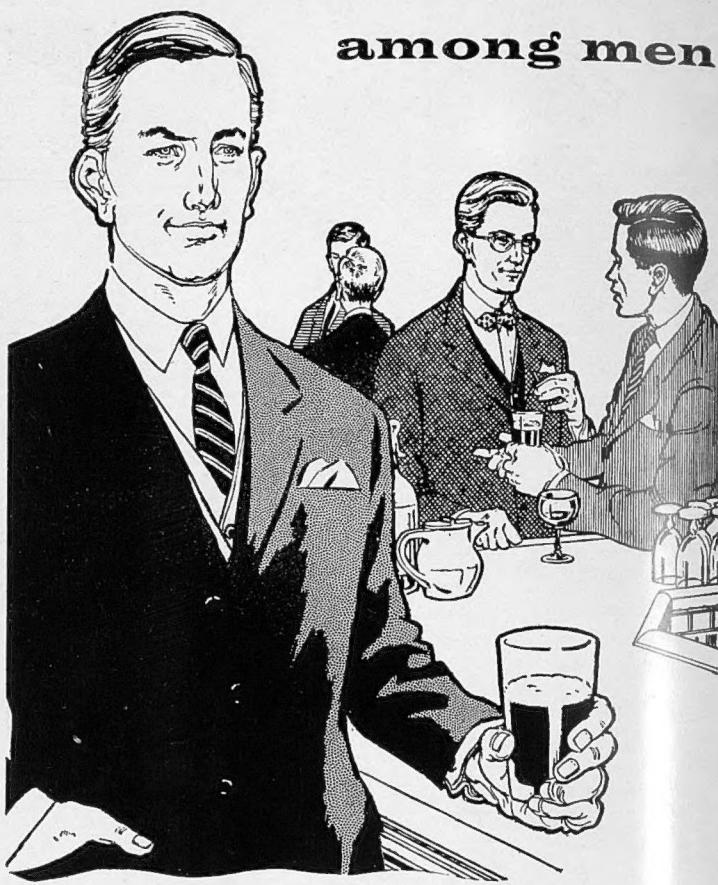
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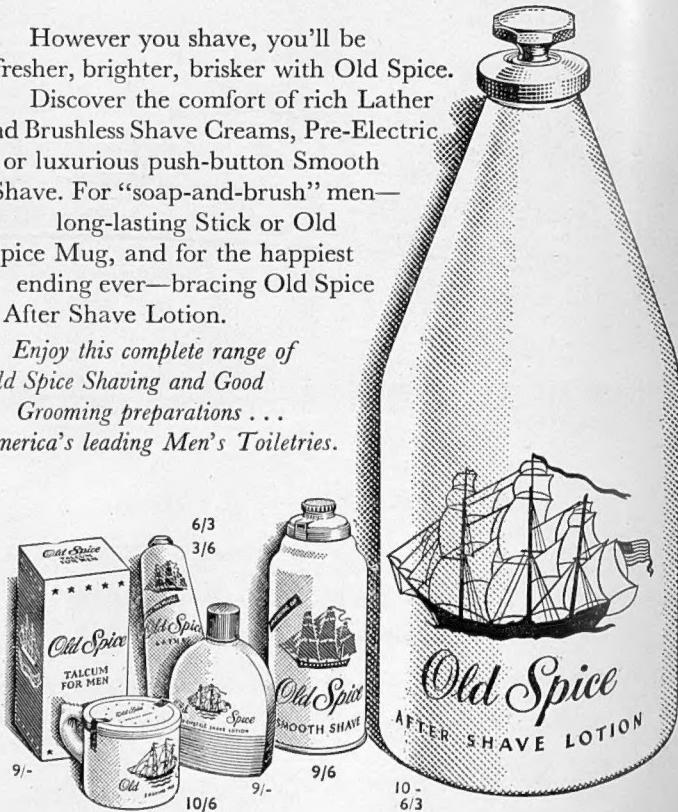
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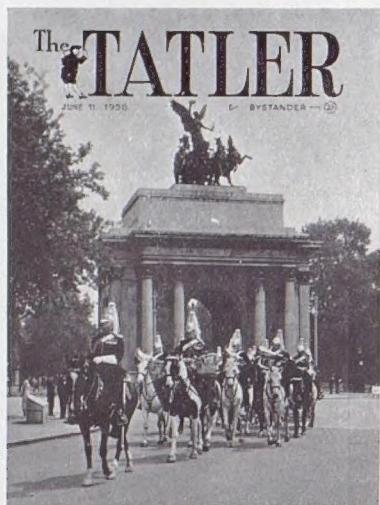
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THE QUEEN'S HORSES, on their daily march past Wellington Arch and down the Mall for the changing of the Guard at the Horse Guards, are a sight that few visitors care to miss. Tomorrow they will be on parade with the Foot Guards for the Trooping the Colour, held in honour of the Queen's birthday. The bandsmen in the picture belong to the Life Guards, one of the two regiments of the Household Cavalry

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DIARY of the week

FROM 12 JUNE TO 18 JUNE

THURSDAY 12 JUNE

Royal Ceremony: Trooping the Colour on Horse Guards Parade for the Queen's official birthday.

Horse Show: Richmond Royal Horse Show (to 14th).

Racing at Brighton and Lincoln.

FRIDAY 13 JUNE

Festival: Aldeburgh (Suffolk) Festival of Music and the Arts (to 22nd).

... and The TATLER is there to photograph the opera and the people. A three-page picture record of the event begins on page 577. Also in this issue: the first article of a new travel series—*You'll never reach here*. See page 572

MONDAY 16 JUNE

Royal Engagement: The Queen and Prince Philip attend a service for the Order of the Garter in St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

Opera: A revival of Berlioz's *The Trojans*, Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, 6 p.m.

Lawn Tennis: London Grass Court Championships at Queen's Club, West Kensington (to 21st).

Racing at Leicester and Lewes.

TUESDAY 17 JUNE

Royal Ascot: The Queen and Prince Philip attend the Royal meeting at Ascot (to 20th).

WEDNESDAY 18 JUNE

County Show: The Royal Counties Show and Hackney Horse Society Show, Winchester.

Ballet: Margot Fonteyn and Michael Somes in *The Sleeping Beauty*, Covent Garden, 7.30 p.m.

Racing at Royal Ascot and Ripon.

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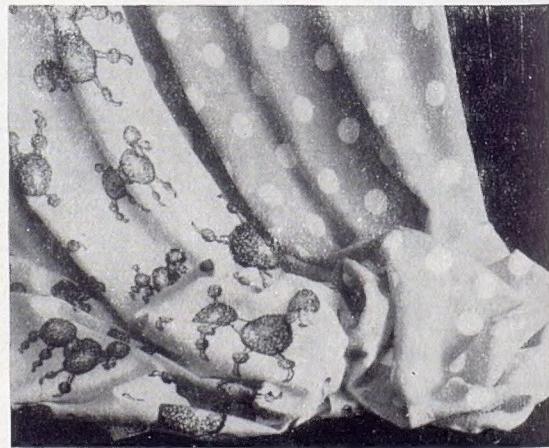
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The **TATLER** A BOXTANDER

Vol. CCXVIII. No. 2970

11 June 1958

TWO MILLINGS



Barry Swaebe

PERSONALITY

Artist in flowers

LADY ROSE (MARY PRIMROSE) MCLAREN was a ballet-dancer before her marriage. Now when she sets off for Covent Garden early in the morning it is to visit not the Royal Opera House but the market. There she buys flowers for a novel florist business that she operates from her Smith Street, Chelsea, home.

Lady Rose is the widow of Squadron Leader the Hon. John Francis McLaren (son of the second Baron Aberconway) and has two young daughters, Victoria and Harriet. Her brother is the Marquess of Anglesey. Many of the flowers she uses come from the garden on the estate of her brother-in-law, Lord Aberconway, at Bodnant in Denbighshire. There the climate

is so mild that even in winter there are fine plants and unusual foliage.

With two partners Lady Rose seeks to give a flower service more individual than that of the conventional florist. She works only to order and does more than supply the flowers. She studies the background, lighting, colour schemes, mirrors and the flower containers of the rooms to be decorated. She specializes in providing flowers for coming-out parties, society weddings and other functions. Her hint for a successful arrangement? Suit the design to the room—a mass arrangement for a large room, a line design for a small one, making sure the flowers have sufficient water all the time.



Weddings

Lyster—Scott Plummer

Miss Julia Scott Plummer, daughter of Mr. & the Hon. Mrs. Humphrey Scott Plummer, Mainhouse, Kelso, married Mr. Rae Lionel Haggard Lyster, son of Mr. & Mrs. Lionel Lyster, Apps, Stock, Essex, at St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, Kelso


Bradshaw-Smith—Boggon

Miss Ann Hodgson Boggon, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Roland Boggon, Wynnstay Gardens, Kensington, married Mr. Jeremy H. Bradshaw-Smith, son of the late Major Brian Bradshaw-Smith, and of Mrs. C. Leakey, Grazeley, Crowborough, at St. Peter's, Eaton Sq.


Money-Coutts—Todd

Miss Penelope Utton Todd, daughter of the late Cdr. K. R. U. Todd, R.I.N., & the late Mrs. Todd, married Mr. David Burdett Money-Coutts, son of the Hon. A. B. & Mrs. Money-Coutts, Askett House, near Aylesbury, at Sherborne Abbey, Dorset


Shewen—Dangar

Miss Rosemary Margaret Dangar, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. D. F. O. Dangar, Currow Point, Dittisham, married Capt. Antony G. M. Shewen, the Queen's Bays (2nd Dragoon Guards), son of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. D. G. Mansel Shewen, Ipplepen, at Dittisham Church


Ogilvie—Dalby

Miss Mary Dalby, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. G. R. A. Dalby, Persie House, Bridge of Cally, Perthshire, married Mr. Gavin H. Ogilvie, son of Major & Mrs. D. D. Ogilvie, Pitmuis, Guthrie, Forfar, at St. Michael's Church, Ballintuin, Perthshire


Huggins—Massey

Miss Anna Massey, daughter of Mr. Raymond H. Massey, the actor, and of Mrs. William Dwight Whitney, The Grove, Highgate, London, married Mr. Jeremy Brett Huggins, son of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. Henry William Huggins, The Grange, Berkswell, at St. Michael's, Highgate


St. Aubyn—Hare

Miss Valerie Elizabeth Hare, daughter of W/Cdr. & Mrs. B. W. T. Hare, Curtisknowle, Totnes, South Devon, married Lt.-Cdr. Geoffrey Piers St. Aubyn, R.N., son of Capt. the Hon. Lionel St. Aubyn & the late Lady Mary St. Aubyn, Pound House, Yelverton, South Devon, at St. Mary's Church, Diptford


Reddington—Gaunt

Miss Valerie Sheila Gaunt, only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Harold Gaunt, Edgbaston, Birmingham, married Mr. Gerald Alfred Reddington, Wimpole Street, London, youngest son of the late Mr. & Mrs. Mortimer Reddington, at All Saints' Church, W.I.



Lady Primrose with her daughter, the Hon. Lucy Catherine Mary Primrose, who was born on Christmas Eve, 1955. Before her marriage Lady Primrose was Miss Deirdre Reid. The painting above the drawing-room table is of London, seen from Greenwich, by Wooton

In a London square

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DESMOND O'NEILL

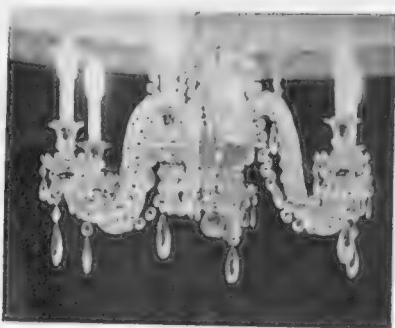
Just off the Bayswater Road, in one of London's smallest squares, is the town home of Lord & Lady Primrose. Lord Primrose is the Earl of Rosebery's heir and runs an engineering firm. He moved into No. 3 Orme Square with his wife shortly after their wedding in 1955. Neighbours at No. 2 are the Earl & Countess of Harewood.

Like most of the other houses in Orme Square, No. 3 was built in the early 19th century. The marble fireplace in the drawing-room (*centre, left*) is dated 1780. On either side of the fireplace are two French antique wall-brackets and the carpet is a grey-blue Borlou.

In the dining-room (*top, left*) the table and chairs are Regency and the 18th-century marble fireplace has a frieze depicting the Labours of Hercules. The picture above it is of the Middle Temple, one of a set of four London scenes by S. Scott. There is a chandelier (*right*).

Lady Primrose's bedroom (*bottom left*) has soft-blue taffeta curtains with white stripes and a soft-blue carpet. The bedside table is Regency.

Arched pillars divide the hall (*bottom, right*) and a round library table "stands" in one of the bay windows. This 19th-century house has the comfort of central heating and numerous electrical gadgets.





CIRENCESTER'S ROYAL AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE was floodlit for the annual May ball. The dance was attended by a record number of students past and present

Agricultural students hold a ball



Miss Carolyn Cawdrey, Mr. R. J. Leach, chairman of the College Union Club, Miss Ann Joyce, Mr. A. C. Cumming, secretary of the College Union Club, Miss Belinda Rouse and Mr. William Roberts



Mr. Julian Cayo-Evans, a student from Wales, Miss Georgina Waddington, daughter of the archaeologist, Miss Anne Stephenson and Mr. Colin Anderson, a student from Rhodesia

Mr. Ian Barnard, who comes from Hampshire, with Miss Julie Lea. She is working with polo ponies near Cirencester

Mr. Patrick May, from Cornwall, with Miss Janet Tucker. She teaches in Cirencester

Mr. John Brigg, secretary of the College Beagles, and Miss Betty Thompson. She came down from Staffordshire for the ball



SOCIAL JOURNAL

An earl's dance for his niece

by JENNIFER

SMITH HUGH CASSON transformed the ballroom and restaurant of the Dorchester (which were opened together for the evening) with

Regency theme for the coming-out ball which the Earl of Dudley gave for his niece Miss Georgina Ward. The circular Gold Room, the Crystal Room and other reception rooms were also used for the evening. In them all, exquisite flowers had been superbly arranged by Lady Rose McLaren and her staff, making a perfect setting for nearly 800 guests to dance. The *pièce de résistance* was the large, gaily lit panorama of Brighton Pavilion which spread right across one wall of the ballroom, and the two large coloured figures wearing very gay costumes that flanked an entrance to the dance floor were also greatly admired. The dance floor was surrounded by artificial palm trees with blue and white striped cotton overhead; it is laid in the middle of the two rooms, with a number of chairs and tables at each side, which meant that guests kept together and had plenty of room to sit and talk, and watch those who were dancing.

Lord Dudley received the guests with Georgina, who looked enchanting in a white lace dress with a single pink rose on the bodice, and her parents the Hon. George Ward, M.P., Secretary of State for Air, and Mrs. Thurstan Holland-Martin. Many members of Lord Dudley's family were present and a number of older friends, as well as a large number of débutantes and their young escorts. I was impressed to hear Georgina say around midnight, when two young men were asking her to dance, that first she must go round again introducing more of her young friends and see that none were being left out, and then she would dance—the remark of a really considerate young hostess.

Princesses from the south

Among the many young people dancing I noticed the Duke of Kent, Lady Serena Dundas, pretty in red (she makes her official début next year), her brother Lord Dundas, Princess Diane of France, chic in red faille, Princess Patrizia Ruspoli from Italy, Mr. Peregrine Bertie and his cousin Lady Fiona Crichton-Stuart, the Duke of Atholl, the Earl of Clarendon, the Hon. Teresa Pearson, Mr. John Loeb from New York, the Hon. John Denison-Pender, Lady Davina Pepys in a modern lavender chiffon dress, the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, Miss Serena and Miss Fiona Sheffield, Miss Angela Dance, Mr. Paul Channon, Miss Edwina Sandys, Miss Sally Poole, Miss Penelope d'Erlanger and her younger sister Minnie, Lady Mary Fitzalan-Howard, Miss Carolyn Skyrme, attractive in white, Miss Philippa Drummond, the Hon. Penelope Allsopp, Lady Sarah-Jane Hope, Miss Teresa Hayter, Miss Joan Lawton, Mr. John Smiley, the Marquess of Hamilton, Miss Zia Foxwell, Miss Carolyn Kershaw, Miss Antonia Palmer, Lady Anne Nevill and her sister Lady Vivienne Nevill, Mr. Robin Gage, Miss Davina Nutting, Miss Irene Martinez-Salas, the Hon. Edward Biddulph, Miss Susan Wills and Mr. Bobbie Buxton.

Older guests included Lord Dudley's sisters Lady Morvyth Benson and her husband and Lady Patricia Ward, the Hon. Eddie Ward and his wife who wore a superb pearl and diamond necklace, her stepfather and mother Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam, Viscount & Viscountess Ednam, the Hon. Peter Ward and his wife, the Duke of Buccleuch, the Duke & Duchess of Argyll dancing together (the latter lovely in red), the Earl & Countess of Ronaldshay also dancing together, Lady Ronaldshay attractive in misty blue, the Duke & Duchess of Bedford, the Countess of Derby dancing with the Earl



Mrs. Brian Gooch, of Tannington Hall, Woodbridge, Suffolk, held a coming-out dance for her daughter, combined with a 21st birthday celebration for her son, at the Anglo-Belgian Club. Above: Mr. Brian Gooch, Miss Mary Elise Gooch, Mrs. Gooch and Mr. Arthur Gooch

Mrs. Gooch at home



Mr. James Donnelly, who is an actor, with Lady Marye Rous, daughter of the Earl of Stradbroke



Miss Jenny Gooch, the younger daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Brian Gooch, with Mr. David Skinner. He is at Sandhurst



Van Hallan
Miss Jane Durant with Mr. Nicholas Fellowes, who was lately in the Life Guards



Miss Philippa Drummond and Mr. Andrew Low. He is at New College, Oxford

A WEDDING AT GORHAMBURY

A country wedding always seems to me more romantic and beautiful than one in London. One of the most picturesque I have been to for a long while was the marriage at St. Albans of Viscount Pollington, son of the Earl & Countess of Mexborough, to Miss Elisabeth Grimston, daughter of the Hon. John Grimston, M.P., & Mrs. Grimston. As the couple were of different religious persuasions the service, conducted by Father Michael O'Leary in the little Roman Catholic church of St. Alban & St. Stephen, was brief. The building had been beautifully decorated with summer flowers, and the music, which was unusually moving, included the solo "Tanus Angelicus."

The reception was at the bride's beautiful home, Gorhambury, one of the stately homes of England. It has been in the Verulam family for many years. Guests drove up the long drive, bordered with pink flowering chestnuts. They assembled in the large baronial hall where famous paintings adorn the walls, and were received in the adjoining room by the bride's parents (Mrs. Grimston looking chic and attractive, wearing a black dress with a little hat of love-in-the-mist ospreys) and Lord & Lady Mexborough (the latter charming in hyacinth blue with a pink hat). The bride, truly radiant as she stood beside her equally happy bridegroom (see picture at right) wore a beautiful wedding dress (originally her mother's) of gold and cream brocade in a lily design. Her long Brussels lace veil (see second picture) was held in place by a magnificent diamond tiara lent by Lady Mexborough.

She had seven attendants. Her 12-year-old sister Romayne Grimston, in a long full-skirted dress of ivory moire was trainbearer. The six older bridesmaids were: Lady Anne Savile (sister of the bridegroom), Miss Hermione Grimston (the bride's sister), Lady Caroline Giffard, Miss Iona Colquhoun, Miss Evelyn Heathcoat Amory, and Lady Susan Waldegrave. They wore short bouffant dresses of ivory moire, with long gloves to match and gold and flame roses in their hair.

Among those I met at the wedding were the bride's uncle, the Earl of Verulam (he owns Gorhambury), and the bride's grandmother, Mrs. Walter Duncan, who took a forceful command of the ushers in the church and re-seated some of the guests herself.

Also: Lady Elizabeth Motion, her youngest daughter Mrs. Stuart Smith with her husband and their three-year-old son Jeremy, the Earl & Countess of Halsbury, Viscountess Maitland and her recently married daughter Lady Mary Biddulph, Sir Robert & Lady Grimston, Sir Dennis & the Hon. Lady Stucley and their daughters, Viscountess Boyne and Christine who is a débutante this year, Mr. & Mrs. Sam White from Detroit, the Hon. Anthony Savile who was best man to his brother, Lady Rotherwick talking to the Hon. Charles & the Hon. Mrs. Stourton, Sir Joscelyn Lucas, Lord & Lady Brocket, and Mrs. "Toby" Musker. There were a number of the bride's young friends from her schooldays at Southover, including Miss Margaret Pitman, Miss Fiona McLean, Miss Coles, Miss Sarah Grimston, Miss Anne Fender and Lady Stucley's two daughters. I had to leave for Bath before the young couple cut their wedding cake, and their health was proposed by the Earl of Verulam.

of Suffolk, Viscount Astor with the Countess of Rosse, Signor Zoppi, Lady Elizabeth Cavendish, her brother the Duke of Devonshire, the Marquess & Marchioness of Blandford, the latter in a rose printed chiffon dress, and the Duchess of Sutherland in white chiffon with rows of lovely pearls. The Duke of Sutherland was there, too. I also saw the Countess Beauchamp in red, and wearing a magnificent diamond necklace, earrings and bracelets, with Earl Beauchamp, Mr. Cecil Beaton, the Marchioness of Huntly, her brothers the Hon. Neville Berry and the Hon. Anthony Berry and their wives, Lord Plunket, the Hon. Katharine Smith, the Earl & Countess of Cottenham, Lord & Lady Willoughby de Broke, the Duque de Primo de Rivera, Prince & Princess Dmitri of Russia, Mr. & Mrs. Stayros Niarchos, Col. & Mrs. Rex Benson, Mr. & Mrs. Peter Thursby and Lord & Lady Dynev.

Others enjoying this elegant ball were the Hon. Max Aitken, Mr. &



Mrs. Alex Abel Smith, Col. & Mrs. John Ward, Viscount & Viscountess Lewisham, the Earl of Carnarvon, Lord & Lady Ogilvy, Mr. & Mrs. Jocelyn Stevens, her parents Mr. & Mrs. John Sheffield and Mr. & Mrs. Reggie Sheffield, Mr. & Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, the Earl & Countess of Westmorland, Mr. & Mrs. David Drummond and the Princess de Polignac, who looked exceptionally chic in a full-skirted short dress of spotted organza and lace. Members of Parliament present included Mr. Duncan Sandys, Capt. Christopher Soames & Mrs. Soames, Mr. John Profumo and his wife, who looked beautiful in white, Cdr. & Mrs. Kershaw and Major & Mrs. Jimmy Dancee. A good idea, and one that should be followed by more hostesses, was that black ties were the order of the evening for men, who I know enjoyed this privilege. There was no lavish and unnecessary supper, but guests had bacon and eggs and other breakfast dishes, which are always much more appreciated.

Four outings in one evening

I went for a short while to the Jordan Embassy in Palace Green to a reception the Ambassador gave in honour of his country's Independence Day. After passing through the large drawing-room guests went into a green and white marquee in the garden. Many members of the Diplomatic Corps and both Houses of Parliament were there. Among those I met were the Iraqi Ambassador, H.R.H. al-Amir Zeid ibn al-Hussein, Lord Mancroft, Lady Hayter, wife of the Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Cdr. Allan Noble, the Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, and his attractive wife, and Princess Fatima Zahra the wife of the Moroccan Ambassador.

After this I went on to the Ski Club of Great Britain, where the Downhill Only Ski Club was holding its annual cocktail party. The President, Mr. Christopher Mackintosh, was there with his wife and I also met Mrs. Ros Hepworth, one of the vice-presidents, who spends most winters in Wengen which is the headquarters of the D.H.O. Mr. Stanley Waldock was there, also Col. Percy Legard, Mr. Jimmy Riddell (who told me he hopes his latest book on the ski runs of Austria will be published later this summer), Mr. Eric Lewns, Mr. Maurice Gill and Mr. Dick Hollingsworth, a keen skier.

After this I went to the New Theatre for the first night of *The Party*, the first full-length play by the young author Jane Arden. The principal rôle is finely acted by Charles Laughton (who is also the producer) supported by an excellent cast including his wife Elsa Lanchester, Joyce Redman, John Welsh, Albert Finney and a young actress named Ann Lynn, who played the part of his daughter



The Hon. John Grimston, M.P., & Mrs. Grimston, the parents of the bride



Lady Colquhoun and her daughter, Miss Iona Colquhoun, who was one of the bridesmaids



Viscountess Maitland, with her daughter Lady Mary Biddulph, who was recently married



Lady Leighton, a cousin of the Countess of Mexborough, and her daughter, Miss Judy Leighton



The Earl of Verulam, uncle of the bride, who owns Gorhambury



Lady Loder and her husband, Sir Giles Loder, Bt. He was High Sheriff of Sussex from 1948-9

lliantly. I enjoyed the play enormously and it had a rousing reception after the final curtain. In the audience I saw the Earl & Countess of Ranfurly in a party with Lord & Lady Colyton, Mr. & Mrs. Jack Dunfee, Mrs. Beatrice Moresby, Margaretta Scott, the Hon. Geoffrey & Mrs. Russell, and John Mills with his wife Mary Ley Bell.

Later that evening I went to the Anglo-Swedish Society's dinner at Claridge's and arrived in the middle of the speeches. The first toast was given by the President, Sir Harold Wernher, followed by Sir William Hayley, H.E. the Swedish Ambassador M. Gunnar Wigglöf, and finally Mr. Douglas Fairbanks who responded for the guests. It was a gay and happy occasion and others present included Lady Zia Wernher and Count Bertil Bernadotte, who is on a visit here. He is the son of the late Count Folke Bernadotte who did so much for the Red Cross. The guests also included Lord & Lady Empill, Baron Thott and his daughter Mrs. Marta Tranchell, Sir Victor & Lady Mallet, Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, the Swedish Counsellor Mr. C. G. Béve, the Swedish Consul-General and his wife Mme. Hallenborg, the Minister Plenipotentiary M. Pripp, Mr. & Mrs. Clegg and their pretty daughter, Vivica, who is making her début this year, and the Swedish Naval Attaché, Commodore O. Krokstedt and his wife.

The Bath Festival (see pictures on page 581)

After the Pollington-Grimston wedding (*opposite*) I returned to London and took the Festival Express to Bath for the Festival

Ball that evening. It took place in the famous Regency Pump Room, a beautiful and unique setting, and was a very gay affair attended by several hundred guests. The Hon. Mrs. Morrison (still better remembered by many of us as the Hon. Sarah Long) was the young and efficient chairman, with another young friend Lady Jane Howard, wife of Lord Strathcona's son and heir, as deputy chairman and Mrs. Boase as the indefatigable honorary secretary. They had a committee who pulled their weight, and supporters came not only from Somerset but also from Wiltshire and Gloucestershire, all determined to make this year's Festival the great success it was.

The lofty Regency ballroom where dancing took place was decorated with masses of flowers and flowering plants, all beautifully arranged and lit. The famous Tompkin grandfather clock was surrounded by huge sprays of laburnum and Japanese maple, and beautiful flowers were also arranged downstairs around the Roman baths, where a coloured band was playing West Indian tunes.

Champagne and Roman relics

It was an amusing and original diversion to visit these baths by night, when they were floodlit, with the moon shining above and guests strolling around in evening dress. A champagne bar and a buffet had been arranged down here. (The previous day Sir Mortimer Wheeler had opened the recently excavated drying rooms of these baths, which are unique in England.) Flowers throughout the Pump Room had been arranged by Mrs. Ted Leather and Mrs. Kersley with the help of the Bath Floral Decoration Society, and Mr. Daw, superintendent of the gardens and parks, who did the plants.

Among those at the ball were the Earl & Countess of Waldegrave whom I met strolling by the Roman baths (the Countess of Waldegrave was deputy chairman of the Ladies' Social Committee of the Festival), Mr. I. J. Pitman, Bath's M.P., and the Hon. Mrs. Pitman who gave a dinner party of 20 before the ball at Forte's Restaurant, when their guests included the new Mayor & Mayoress of Bath, Mr. & Mrs. Hugh Roberts, and the Bishop of Bath and Wells & Mrs. Bradfield. Also Rear-Admiral & Mrs. Copeman (he is Deputy Controller of the Navy at Bath) and those charming and energetic sisters Miss Kathleen Harper, who was the first woman Mayor of Bath and chairman of the ladies' Social Committee of this year's Bath Festival, and Miss Dorothy Harper. They are both J.P.s and take the keenest interest in the city where they had lived all their lives (their home was among those bombed during the war) until a



EARL'S CHRISTENING.—The infant Earl of Dumfries is held by his mother, the Marchioness of Bute, at the family home, Mount Stuart, after his christening. With them are his two sisters, Lady Sophia and Lady Caroline

few years ago when they moved to a charming house quite near Bath.

I also met Mr. Ted Leather the M.P. for North Somerset, Mrs. Bateman a member of the ball committee, Mrs. Rous and Mrs. Christopher Fuller who ran the tombola successfully with Mrs. Floyd and Mrs. Malcolm Fraser, and Mrs. Blair another active member of the ball committee, who was showing film actor James Robertson Justice round the Pump Room. Also the Town Clerk & Mrs. Jared Dixon, Mrs. Thurston, Mr. Ivan & Lady Edith Foxwell, the Hon. Henry & Mrs. Allsopp, Mrs. Bill Fyfe and Mr. Justin Blathwayt, who owned Dynham House which has been handed over to the National Trust.

Among the large number of young people at the ball I met the Hon. Prue McCorquodale, Miss Margaret Pitman attractive in red, Miss Laura Nicholson, Mr. Michael Pitman, his brother Mr. David Pitman who left early as he was rowing in the Bump Races at Oxford that week, the Hon. Christopher McLaren and the Hon. Arthur Lawson-Johnston.

The concerts were of the highest standard at this year's Festival. The exhibitions were first class, as was the ballet by the Royal Danish Ballet Group. There were also several modern diversions such as the Festival of Jazz during the second week, and a barbecue.

A feature of this year's Festival was the very kind hospitality given to visitors by people living in the district. A hospitality committee was formed under the chairmanship of the Hon. Mrs. Pitman, with Mrs. Copeman as deputy chairman and Miss Dorothy Harper as honorary secretary. They arranged parties which enabled visitors—many of them from overseas—to see some English homes.

The parties ranged from morning coffee for 30, tea parties varying from 15 to 50 guests, sherry and cocktail parties for 25 to 100 guests (the Countess of Waldegrave invited 100 guests to her home at Chewton Mendip, where there are fine paintings, Gainsboroughs, Romneys and Reynolds among them, and many famous books and manuscripts), and fork supper parties



Lord & Lady Waldegrave at the Bath Festival Ball. Further pictures on p. 581

after the concerts. Other hosts and hostesses besides Lady Waldegrave included Major & Mrs. Adrian Hopkins, Mrs. Robert Pitt, Mrs. Middleton at Upton Cheney, the Dowager Lady Noble, who has a delightful house in Royal Crescent, the Hon. Mrs. Methuen at Corsham Court (the home of Lord Methuen), Mr. & Mrs. Scott, Mr. Arthur Duckworth, Mrs. Clarke at Tracy Park, Mrs. Hood, Lady Newall, Mrs. Denys Sutton, Mrs. Ted Leather at Eden Park, the Hon. Mrs. Charles Morrison at South Wraxall Manor, Mrs. Forester, Mrs. Edward Pryor and Madame Colelough-Chaboud.

A party for two young girls

Mr. & Mrs. Thomas Skyrme have recently moved into a new house in Montrose Court, Prince's Gate, and it was here that Mrs. Skyrme gave a gay cocktail party for her stepdaughter, Miss Carolyn Skyrme, and her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Beresford. There were just over 100 young guests at the party and as it was a fine evening many of them went out into the garden with its fountain and lily pond, where a guitarist was playing lilting tunes.

Among the young people enjoying this party were Miss Davina Nutting, Miss Margaret McKay, Mr. Bill McAlpine, Miss Zia Foxwell, the Hon. Michael Spring Rice, Miss Jennifer Burness, Miss Maxine Hodson and the Hon. Richard Smith. The two girls looked charming, Elizabeth in a pink and blue print with a tulip skirt, and Carolyn in a short black wild silk dress with a red rose at the waist; her mother, the Hon. Mrs. Suzanne Skyrme, is giving a coming-out dance for her on 9 July at Phyllis Court Club, Henley-on-Thames, which should be another gay occasion.



PAINTER Mr. Stanley Spencer, R.A., painter of the controversial "Resurrection," is presenting an exhibition of his religious works in his parish church at Cookham, Berkshire. Behind him is his "Crucifixion"



POTENTATE The Sultan of Johore, Sir Ibrahim Ibni al Marhum, is visiting London with his wife, Lady Marcella, and eight-year-old daughter, Tunku Mariam. Sir Ibrahim is 84. He has ruled Johore State in Malaya since 1895



NEWS PORTRAITS



POSTMASTER Mr. Ernest Marples (*above, left*), the Postmaster-General, after announcing revolutionary changes in Britain's telephone services, went on holiday to the Nassau home of Sir Roland Robinson, M.P., and Lady Robinson

PRINCESS The Italian Princess Maria Pia (*right*), who is expecting twins, has gone to stay at the home of her mother, ex-Queen Marie José, outside Geneva. Her father, ex-King Umberto, will probably join them. The Princess's husband is Prince Alexander Karageorgevic of Yugoslavia

PREMIER For his 70th birthday Viscount Brookeborough, Prime Minister of Northern Ireland, is being presented by the Ulster Unionist Parliamentary Party with a portrait of himself. *Below:* Lord Brookeborough sits to Raymond Piper, a local artist





An 18th-century cake-basket made by Peter Arcambo (apprentice to Paul Camerie) and Peter Meure. It has the arms of Lascelles & Colman. Edwin Lascelles, Lord Harewood, married Jane Colman of Devon in 1770



A Queen Anne Monteith bowl with a tap. It was made by John Elston of Exeter in 1708



A Charles II chinoiserie porringer and cover made in 1681. The pattern shows a dragon fountain, birds and flowers

Today the Antique Dealers' Fair opens at Grosvenor House. Here an expert from the Victoria & Albert Museum discusses the growing demand for antiques

Purchasing the past

by JOHN HAYWOOD

THIE ARISTOCRACY of the English collecting world will assemble in the ballroom of Grosvenor House today for the opening of the annual Antique Dealers' Fair. Most of the dealers, keenly aware of the prestige value of a brave show, have been saving up their most interesting and valuable purchases specially for the Fair. These are usually sold on the first day, and one cannot afford to be casual for fear of missing them. Moreover, according to the rules of the Fair, all objects sold must be removed at the close of the day on which they are sold; so by the second day many of the stars of the show are likely to be gone. To see the best, therefore, one must either be one of the fortunate—and not, admittedly, so very few—who receive an invitation to the opening from an exhibiting dealer, or face the throngs on the first evening when the Fair has been opened to the public.

Basically, however, the Fair is not a collector's festival. The true collector is already dedicated to his speciality and does not need the elaborate *mise-en-scène* of the Fair. The hardened collector prefers to track down his acquisitions in the obscurity of provincial shops or do battle for them against the ring in the salerooms rather than see them presented so provocatively in a blaze of publicity.

What the Fair does superlatively well is to provide the background for "gracious living," the somewhat nostalgic term we now use for existence in tolerable surroundings. Fine furniture; decorative porcelain and silver; articles for the moneyed but home-loving majority rather than the few who have penetrated the mystique of collecting.

Despite the slight increase in price, presumably necessitated by the overheads of display, there are still bargains to be found at the Fair. The dealers shop there themselves and many pieces change hands and migrate from one stand to another in the early morning hours. The obsession with bargain-hunting is, however, a lamentable vice that has turned many a collector into a *marchand-amateur*. Antique-collecting is now generally recognized as being, not a wild form of speculation, but a safe and socially irreproachable form of investment, particularly in these times when capital appreciation is so often of more significance than an annual return. So the demand for antiques is

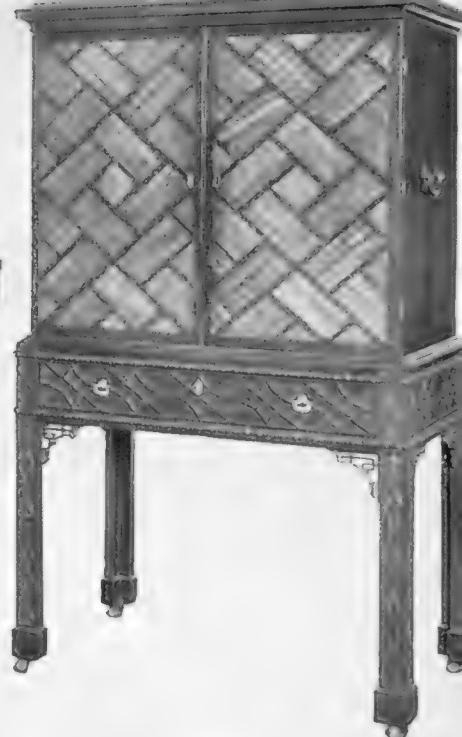
increasing and is likely to go on increasing, while the supply is constantly reduced.

As standards of living improve, and all the obvious luxuries, such as refrigerators, automobiles and television sets have been acquired, one way for the Joneses to get a jump ahead of their neighbours is to go "antique"—perhaps to the extent of a room, perhaps only the odd piece. And so, both here and in America, demand is always increasing. On the other hand, the stock of antiques is always being reduced, partly by the normal course of wear and tear (though this may sometimes be passed off as the ennobling patina of age) and partly through export, mainly to the U.S.A. but also to the Continent. There has, in fact, been a fashion for the simpler type of English furniture in France and Italy in recent years, and many tourists must have shared my surprise at finding the windows of the leading antique shops in Rome, Paris or Naples filled with English silver and furniture.

The peculiar thing about the antique trade is that its trends must be controlled by supply more than by demand. If a tradesman in any other branch of business meets an unexpected demand for a certain class of goods he orders correspondingly from the manufacturer. Even though the faker has sometimes been known to give a helping hand, this course is not open to the antique dealer. The Antique

A rare octagonal English paten with a rope border. It is hall marked and is about five inches across





The Chippendale mahogany bookcase (left) was originally made in the mid-18th century for Hassop Hall, Derbyshire, by Thomas Chippendale. The mahogany tea table (next) is fitted with a slide at

each end on which to put the teapot. The elaborately carved Continental console table (above) is gilded. The Chippendale cabinet (right) is fitted with pigeon holes, drawers and a writing slide

Dealers' Fair does not knowingly include any article made after 1830, and there is no sign at present of this date being moved forward.

As demand increases, one would certainly expect a later year to be fixed, but it is extremely doubtful whether many of the objects made in the mid- or second half of the 19th century will ever be acceptable, even though they be over 100 years old. It is an inescapable fact that they were made at a period when taste was at a low ebb ; no amount of patina can improve their design or form and it will be nothing short of a triumph of salesmanship if the antique dealers contrive to make them popular. It is true that certain of the smaller mid-Victorian objects, such as papier-maché, Tonbridge-ware (wood mosaic) and, of course, jewellery are now admired and collected, but true Victorian furniture will surely remain a bitter problem to the salesman.

Rarely enough, the furniture made immediately before the Victorian era, and usually known as Regency (a term stretched to cover the first three decades of the 19th century), is now highly fashionable and most expensive—more so, for instance, than 17th-century furniture, which is certainly rarer. The pieces of furniture that are now relatively inexpensive are the large ones—with the exception of large tables, desks and bookcases, which find a ready sale for company boardrooms and managing

directors' offices. The only people who can cope with large furniture are those with large houses and they are nearly all sellers now. But the chances are that the finest quality will be found in the largest pieces. They were made for the palatial apartments



A gold box inlaid with mother-of-pearl and four-colour gold. It was made in Paris in about 1825

of the greater nobility who could afford to pay for superlative workmanship.

A glance at the wares at the Fair will show that certain phases, eagerly studied and collected a few decades ago, are now right out of favour. The 18th and early 19th century now fill the stands and such fundamental collectors' fields as classical art, the

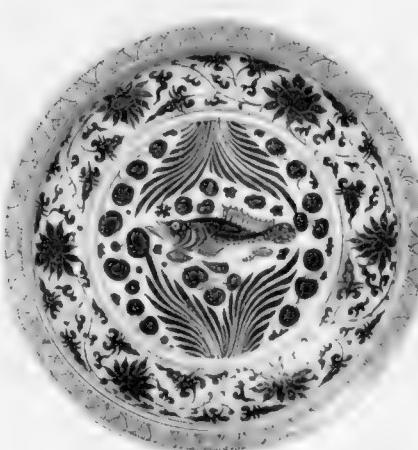
Middle Ages and the Renaissance are confined to one or two stands. This is a consequence of the popularization of art ; the 18th century can be fitted into the home without too much trouble, but objects of earlier periods demand special treatment and almost a new way of life.

Another impression one gains is of the strong nationalism of the English antique-lover. Some French furniture is to be seen, a few pieces of French ormolu, a little German porcelain and rather more foreign silver and jewellery, but the majority are of English origin. This is not, however, so dangerous a sign of chauvinism. The numerous foreign purchasers are in any case looking for English pieces. As for the British collectors, it will probably be some years yet before the present generation gets over the impression gained in childhood that there is something not quite respectable about the decorative qualities of most Continental applied art.

One hears now, on all sides, the sad story of shortage of goods in the shops, but no such impression is to be gained either from the Fair or from the regular sales held at two major and several minor London salerooms every week. In many respects, standards are now higher than ever (particularly as regards authenticity of the objects offered for sale). Whatever the dealers may say, and despite the huge annual exports from this island, the goods are still forthcoming.

The china cottage with a roof lid (below left) was made in about 1810. The old Chinese porcelain dish (centre) has the flattened rim decorated in vivid underglaze blue with a wave pattern, a lotus

wreath with spiky leaves in the cavetto and a central design of a large fish. It dates from the 14th century. The rare Leeds teapot and cover is decorated with a king and falcon. It dates from about 1770



ROUNDABOUT

My plan for vengeance on bad hotels

by LIONEL HALE



WHAT COMFORTS do you look for in a hotel? Soured visitors to London, wandering still unhoused at midnight with their luggage, will reply: "First catch your hotel." London badly needs new caravanserais for the itinerant; and I salute the Minister of Housing, Mr. Henry Brooke—who has a permanently crooked left elbow from warding off brickbats—for giving his fiat for a 33-storey building at Lancaster Gate.

He has rejected the plan for a 35-storey hotel in Park Lane; but a Park Lane structure which "would present a less massive appearance" would, in his view . . . but let me paraphrase officialese. He won't mind something a bit smaller.

Once new hotels become old hotels, there would be something to be said for a system whereby the Minister of Housing revoked the licences of those hotels where even a stay of one night is purgatory. We have too many Little Eases still.

I don't demand comforts such as those of the Angleterre at Copenhagen, where the bedroom is an Ideal Home-from-Home Exhibition in itself, with multitudinous lights and every care for the traveller, down to wooden sabots (Cellophane-wrapped) for wear in the showerbath. Still less do I call for services out of the line of duty, such as those suggested by the female midnight voice that once cooed at me on my bedroom telephone in an extremely well-known hotel in Rio de Janeiro: this extended the conception of "Room Service" somewhat unnecessarily.

Everyone has his own list of hotel *desiderata*, but I put high the asset of a cheerful face in Reception. I further call

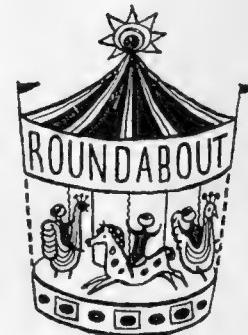
the attention of all hall-porters in Britain and Ireland to one strange fact, which is about me. I can buy an expensive suitcase on Tuesday, and its locks will break on Wednesday. That, my man, explains that length of rope. And, pray, take that look off your face.

AS USUAL, the future of the Public Schools is under review. Progress marches on, but nobody seems yet to have grappled with a point made some years back by Mr. Ivor Brown, whose rugged sense is our century's nearest approach to Dr. Johnson. "Two charges," said Mr. Brown, "in effect are levelled simultaneously against the Public Schools. The first is that they are hotbeds of snobbery, bad learning and unnatural vice. The second is that it is a thundering scandal that the children of the poor can't get into them."

The one really serious objection made against the Public Schools (and their Preparatory partners) is that they divide the nation, at an early age, into two classes. But even inside the Labour Party there is conflict about the question, and there are three solutions. First, to make many more free places available. Secondly, to take over all private schools completely, and use them as boarding schools for children who "for various reasons" need education away from home. (This is the strangest idea of the three.) Thirdly, to allow them to wither away.

This they show no signs of doing.

Things are different from the world of the late 18th century, when the Public Schools were discredited and disreputable bear-



THE ROUNDABOUT AUTHOR this week is the well-known broadcaster, panel chairman and writer

gardens, showing great "alacrity in sinking." Harrow in 1760 had gone down in numbers to 80. In 1788, there were only 38 Commoners at Winchester. There is a tradition that in 1798 Shrewsbury's roll-call was one boy, whose name was Doveton. Immortal schoolboy! Has he descendants?

ANY MAN who loves a woman likes to see her look her best; and I like to see London *en fête*. The Italian President, Signor Gronchi, visited us last month; and, as far as I am concerned, he may come back every month. The Italian flags in the Mall looked fine. And the floodlighting of London, particularly when viewed from the middle of the bridges of Westminster or Waterloo, is enchanting. Night transfigures London, which by day is all fume and fret. The floodlighting of such façades as Carlton House Terrace or the National Gallery, with discreet gradations of light gold and amber, is carried out with great taste. At night, London has the *lumière* of a theatrical set and the horrible *son* of the traffic is somewhat muted.



BRIGGS



by Graham

No screaming crowds, no showers of fruit, no unfriendly slogans on walls or banners, greeted Signor Gronchi. How unlike the scenes in which Mr. Nixon, Vice-President of the U.S. found himself during his tour of Latin America! "Go home, Yankee dog" was one of the politer placards that greeted him in Venezuela. Politicians are used to hard words, and Mr. Nixon smiled; but he found it hard to maintain his smile when the crowds at Caracas proceeded to pelt his car with stones, eggs, and avocado pears.

My indignation on Mr. Nixon's behalf is increased by the personal liking I have for avocado pears, which rarely cost less than 3s. 6d. apiece in the London shops. This waste of them in Caracas is deplorable. Many enjoy the avocado with a crab or prawn filling: others prefer a plain French dressing: I myself cling to the avocado treatment I learnt many years ago in Chile. (I would not have dreamed of wasting one single avocado pear on any visiting North American politician, however distinguished.) My Chilean friends taught me the "Peruvian salad." You scoop the meat out of the pear and take an equal quantity of raw onion. Then, adding three drops of oil, you beat with a fork, not creaming it, but leaving an almost chewable mixture, in which the pungency of the onion braces, so to speak, the smoothness of the Avocado. This delicious dish... but perhaps I stray a little.

What malign and mischievous devil in man makes me sigh secretly for the animation of Latin crowds? God knows the state of affairs in France is terrible, and God protect us from it. Yet, while Signor Gronchi's visit proceeded with all the decorum which I applaud, students in Paris on the same day were parading, bawling in vociferous unison: "*Death to Pflimlin, Chevallier and Mutter!*" Something indefensible rises in my bosom at the superb string of vocables. Only the ugly memory of Fascism can suppress my sneaking pleasure.

A HOUSEHOLD full of the young, growing or grown, is usually a household full of pet animals. My own includes a venerable Alsatian bitch, an evasive Yorkshire terrier puppy, a predatory black cat, and a bawling budgerigar. The damage and riot, in house and garden, is fearful. Up till a week ago, I used to point, with quiet pride, to the impeccable behaviour of my own pet, a tortoise. His name is Willy, after Mr. Somerset Maugham, to whom he bears a striking resemblance—having the Master's own sagacious, experienced, kind and worldly eye, not to mention an impenetrable carapace.

Willy has now disgraced me. His record for unobtrusive good behaviour has gone. My wife planted 50 petunias, and Willy, refreshed and in good appetite after wintering well, had within an hour bitten off and consumed the heads of 49 of them.

I am thus no longer in a position to call attention to the misdeeds of the other animals. The Yorkshire terrier yesterday tore most of *The Times* to shreds. I was about to speak about this, and to speak fluently, when the terrier's owner turned her calm eyes on me, and her lips began prettily to shape the word *petunia*. My authority is gone.



Is this the children's picture of the year?

This delightful picture, photographed by Barry Swaebe, shows the three children of Lord & Lady Northbrook. The eldest is the Hon. Laura Baring (right), born in 1952. The others are the Hon. Francis Baring, born in 1954, and the Hon. Alexandra Baring, shown at 10 months. The picture was taken at the Northbrooks' home, Shawlands Farm, Hursley, near Winchester

PHILIPPINE
ISLANDS

PACIFIC
OCEAN

MALAYA

BORNEO

SUMATRA

JAVA

BALI

CELEBES

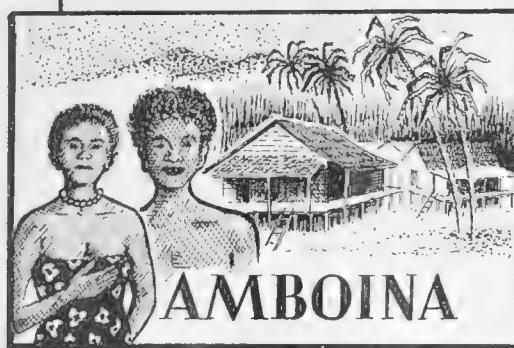
HALMAHERA

equator

NEW
GUINEA

TIMOR

AUSTRALIA



AMBOINA

First of a new series about far-away
places that would be resorts
if tourists could only get there

You'll never reach here

SEEN from the air, the little kidney-shaped island of Amboina blossoms like a sea-anemone in the middle of the Banda Sea: soft green in the centre, dawn-gold and madder round lacy edges scalloped by foam. Even from that height, however, one can see that it is obviously an ideal place for a holiday: miles of beach shaded from the tropical sun by coconut palms and a sea so transparent that no Aqualung is required to become acquainted with its fishy inhabitants. You can admire them with the naked eye—astonishing creatures, infinitely more varied

than any yet shown in colour films of the silent world. Their main purpose in life appears to be decorative and only a few varieties find their way to the markets. The most popular is sky blue with bright yellow fins and a vermillion spot, like a Hindu caste-mark, between soft, thoughtful eyes.

The airport, scooped out of a jungle that is for ever pushing out fresh tentacles, is diminutive, and the officials welcome the rare visitors who come for pleasure and not just on military or administrative business. We had scarcely alighted when a tiny walnut-skinned man carrying a box painted with a large red cross rushed up to us delightedly, demanding our vaccination certificates. "It is far too warm to go into that now," demurred my interpreter. The little man nodded brightly, looked up at a sun that seemed more molten here than anywhere else in the world, and obligingly retreated. We never saw him again.

The hour-and-a-half drive by jeep to the capital, Amboin, round a narrow bay in which slender *praus* skimmed gaily over the water with butterfly-wing sails, was cool, scented and colourful. This would undoubtedly be Tourist Attraction No. 1 if the island were not so inaccessible. The road was narrow, but this hardly mattered since we encountered no traffic except the local radio's mobile unit *en route* to record a local concert in a remote hill village. The Amboinese, I soon discovered, love to sing

and to dance when they are not engaged in picking cloves, their main source of wealth, which accounts for the delicious perfume that tickles the nostrils wherever one goes.

Trays of crimson cloves, arranged in patterns like votive offerings to sylvan gods, were lying out to dry upon the verandas of frail bungalows on stilts that peeped out upon the road between fronds of immense trees forming an unbroken triumphal arch all the way to Ambon. Every now and then a feminine figure, narrow and tubular in a tight-fitting sarong, slipped out on to the veranda with tiny doll-like steps to shake each tray of cloves with the rhythmic and ancient gesture of a pagan priestess.

In fact, however, many Amboinese have been Christian for over 300 years, since St. Francis Xavier stormed through the island with his fiery Spanish zeal. Later, I looked down from the hills over the Banda Sea where he lost his crucifix during a storm, when he was crossing to the neighbouring island of Ceram in a *prau*; soon after he disembarked, a large crab quickly crawled up from out of the sea holding the recovered crucifix between its claws! (A reproduction of this minor miracle hangs on the wall of Francis's family castle in Navarre.) When you have actually seen an Amboinese crab the incident no longer appears improbable. So many things about this island strike one as being playful and diminutive: the fish, the people, the *praus*, the houses—but not the crabs



Nina Epton, the well-known travel writer, on a beach in Amboina. In this article she describes the unspoilt charm of this remote island in the Molucca group



Typical tropical scenery on the island, with thick vegetation dominated by palm trees. Right: President Soekarno, (wearing a black *Petji*, the Indonesian headgear), surrounded by an enthusiastic crowd during a recent visit to Amboina. The island long held out against Indonesia's central government



moon shining through the palm trees, I murmured ecstatically: "This is paradise!"

Later on at the spicy dinner, beer was produced from a mysterious source. It was excellent. Dinner was followed by a dance in the village hall. When we walked in, the local band struck up a tune which, like dream-music, sounded tantalizingly familiar. The Rajah, who was escorting me, turned, bowed gravely, offered me his arm and murmured a few words in Indonesian. My interpreter translated: "He wants you to open the dance with him—it's a quadrille," she said. A quadrille! Who could have taught them and when? But that was only the beginning. The whole evening was an unexpected mixture of ancient and modern: foxtrots and minuets, a local interpretation of jiving and a splendid demonstration of a traditional war-dance—the best of the lot in my opinion, though I noticed that it made the Rajah look uneasy. Perhaps it brought back bellicose historical memories.

They are terrifying: large, flesh-pink, hairy, with cunning, almost human eyes. They could be reincarnations of the bawdy European mariners—Portuguese, Spanish, Dutch and English—who terrorized the islands for so many years. But Arab traders came here first, bringing the religion of the Crescent, so that Mohammedan villages alternate with Christian communities all along the coast. I stayed in both and was made equally welcome, but I preferred the Christian villages for social reasons because you can drink and dance in them every day except Sundays. (They are strict about the Sabbath.)

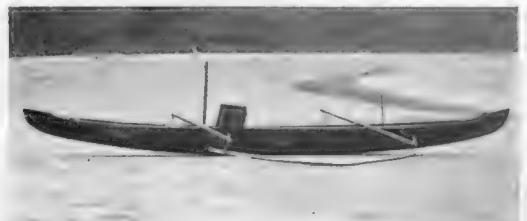
He looked up when he heard us, smiled in the friendly Amboinese way, and broke into a merry little song of his own composition. We paddled in the stream, drank cool water from a bamboo pipe specially constructed above a fall, and listened to the music. We discovered that the mandoline-player was also going to the party at Rutong; he gallantly volunteered to carry my shoes for me—I had now decided that the coolest and easiest way to walk in the tropics is to imitate the natives by going barefoot.

The 40 bamboo dwellings of Rutong shyly concealed between coconut palms were illuminated by an odd assortment of lamps set along the verandas in honour of the regal birthday. (There was no electricity or running water, but we did not miss them.) The Rajah's house was only a little larger than the rest, but the Rajah himself was the most impressive man in the village: tall, dignified and paternal. He gave us a royal welcome which included an apéritif of Chinese-manufactured Malaga wine (I had not tasted anything like it since I was given syrup of figs as a child) and local pineapples.

We had a sea-bath before we changed for dinner, in a secluded bay to which we were solemnly led by a servant carrying an immense lantern. The temperature was perfect. As I floated and gazed up at the

Rutong lost none of its magic in the daylight. The Rajah asked us to stay on and he did not have to insist. He took us in a *prau* to sea-gardens where we gazed entranced for hours at a natural aquarium between rocks of rainbow hues. We gathered exquisite shells along the shore; we wandered through the woods and brought back armfuls of rare plants and orchids. We danced every night and we drank Java beer. (By this time I was on sufficiently friendly terms to be able to refuse the Chinese Malaga wine). And when at last we regretfully had to tear ourselves away, a bamboo-flute orchestra played us off as we departed in a royal *prau*—indeed, in a small fleet of royal *praus*: one apiece and an extra one for our luggage.

Altogether, Rutong is the most regal seaside resort I know of. I would recommend it to you warmly for your summer holidays, if it were not such an impractical proposition.



This is a *prau*, one of the native outrigger craft

by NINA EPTON

Ambon is a ramshackle little town which I soon left for the beaches of the northern coast, accompanied by two female interpreters: a Muslim girl from Java and a Christian Amboinese lady attached to the local Ministry of Information who walked me over 15 miles of hilly terrain one early afternoon to the village of Rutong, whose Rajah was celebrating his 60th birthday and anxious to have as many guests as possible at his party. Two bearers carried our party frocks and night-attire tied to bamboo poles, and their little dancing steps took them to Rutong long before we arrived at sunset.

The pharmaceutical scent that accompanied us on the first part of the journey came from camphor and eucalyptus trees growing thickly on both sides of the sandy red path. The hilltops in the centre of the



MRS. STRUAN ROBERTSON AND MRS. T. P. WHITAKER gave a dance for their débutante daughters, Miss Virginia Robertson and Miss Virginia Whitaker, at Summerlea, Bentworth, Hants—the home of Miss Robertson's grandparents. Above: Miss Virginia Robertson and Miss Virginia Whitaker



Miss Zia Foxwell, daughter of Lady Edith Foxwell, with Mr. Benjamin Spanoghe. He is in commercial banking



Mr. Shane Summers, with Miss Tessa Prain, a débutante from Scotland



Lady Davina Pepys, daughter of the Earl of Cottenham, and Mr. Brian Sweeny, son of the Duchess of Argyll



Mr. Edward Dawson with Miss Penny Graham, daughter of Mr. Clive Graham, the racing writer



Miss Sandra Farley and Mr. Antony Jones-Lloyd. He is with a motor company

Desmond O'Neill

TWO COMING-OUT DANCES



Mr. Charles Acland, Grenadier Guards, and Miss Sarah McCreery. She hunts with the Blackmore Vale



Miss Sue Orbell and Mr. Paul Bathurst Norman. The party was also given to celebrate his coming-of-age



Miss Celia Northey, daughter of a Berkshire farmer, with Mr. David Bedford. He works for a brewing company



MRS. E. H. WINDLEY, wife of the Governor of Gambia, the Hon. Mrs. C. P. Bathurst Norman, and Mrs. H. Bathurst Norman, gave a dance at the Anglo-Belgian Club, Belgrave Square, for their daughters (below). L. to r.: Miss Victoria Bathurst Norman (daughter of the Hon. Mrs. C. P. Bathurst Norman), Miss Davina Windley and Miss Rose Bathurst Norman



Mr. Julian Larby, who is reading law at Cambridge, Mr. Marcus Edwards, Miss Victoria Nicholson and Miss Deborah Jowitt



Mr. Hugh Bidwell (his father is a director of a firm of wine shippers), and Miss P. Hunter



A. V. Swaebe

Eights Week at Oxford



During the Eights Week at Oxford the Queen's first division eight (above) last year's Head of the River, were beaten by Christ Church. In the background is the University boathouse

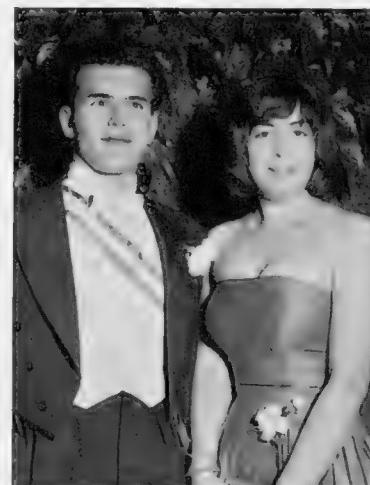


Pembroke College held its traditional Eights Week dance. Above: Mr. Hugh Curram, who used to be at Pembroke, Miss Susan Robins, a London model, Dr. R. M. Leslie and Miss Angela Giles



Mr. J. C. Ritter, of Corpus, Miss Penelope M. Egerton, of St. Anne's, with Mr. J. L. Bannister and Mr. C. B. Strouts, both of Corpus

Mr. M. J. W. Hall, Lincoln, and Mr. G. C. H. Shakerley, of St. Edmund's Hall, with Mr. J. M. B. Mead of Merton, who was one of the umpires



Mr. Gerald Moore, a member of the dance committee, with Miss S Barrington, Somerville

Mr. G. Lamming of Pembroke College and Miss P. Forbes. She lives at Cheltenham



Mr. R. R. T. White-Cooper with Miss Patricia McMurtie from Devon

Captain J. S. Weeks, of the Military College of Science, Shrivenham, with his wife



PRISCILLA IN PARIS

A great day for the children

LITTLE girls, charming in their white muslin frocks and floating veils, small boys touchingly absurd in Gallicized versions of *le costume "Eton"* and white armlets; all deeply conscious of living a great and solemn morning in their young lives and feeling a little self-conscious about it!

The ceremony of *la Première Communion* is a soul stirring event for the eleven-year-olds who, at this time of the year, are to be seen all over Paris. Their presence distracts us from any gloomy thoughts that may have been engendered by the headlines of the press in every country. Awed and rather pale on their way to church, flushed and excited as they come home to enjoy the family *déjeuner de cérémonie* to which all the grandparents, aunts, uncles and cousins within reach have been invited. It is said that "everything ends with songs in France" but the feast comes before the songs and on this occasion, since it is a feast for children, there must be chicken and a sensational sweet. Imagine a tall pyramid of tiny cream buns, iced with golden *caramel*, on the apex of which stands a little white-dressed doll that is half-fairy, half-bride and therefore, in her own opinion, a miniature replica of the heroine of the day. At the party I went to there was a lemonade champagne for the children. The bottle looked like the real McCoy with its sloping shoulders and gilt foiled cork and it certainly created the right spirit of gaiety. The songs were entirely—and quite fittingly—secular!

Paris is delighted with the new waste-paper receptacles with which the City Fathers are trying to teach their citizens tidiness. Made of bronze-painted metal with a neat lid that is lifted by a nice little handle they have an opulent air. They are also discreet if one is trying to get rid of anything embarrassing. However, the white-lettered request : "Papiers. S.V.P." that stands out against the dark paint suggests that anything except : "Paper, please," is to be discouraged. The only trouble is that one needs two hands to manipulate the contraption. I saw an appreciative audience gather to watch a worried young papa carrying a baby on his right arm struggle to lift the lid with his left hand and at the same time drop an empty packet of *caporal* into the box. As soon as he let go of the handle, the lid closed down and nipped his fingers. He might be there still if one of those pathetic old pensioners who have to make every *franc* work overtime had not come to the rescue. His dark suit was shiny and judging from his beret he must have been one of the famous "blue devils" of World War One. He held the lid open for the young papa, discovered there

was an evening paper in the box, grabbed it happily and departed grinning. One of the headlines stated : "6,000 British visitors passed through Calais yesterday!" I grinned, too.

In these troublous times it is difficult to know what the morrow will bring but it is safe to say : "Entertainment as usual!" The theatres and cinemas are crowded and I am told by foolish victims that the usual black market reigns for seats at the Opera for the Bolshoi ballet from Moscow. Judging by the crowd at the airport it seems as if there are as many photographers on duty there as there are policemen and civil guards at what are called the "neuralegic" points of the city. The *prima ballerina* Galina Ulanova was the cynosure of all lenses. At the age of 49 she is still known as "*la fabuleuse*" and Robert Kemp, who saw her in Moscow last year, tells me that she deserves the title. This Russian *Gisèle* was welcomed by the French *Gisèle* (Yvette Chauviré) with an armful of red roses and happy smiles. Both dancers, who are so interestingly unlike in their different ways, have the same sartorial tastes. Dark, simple, tailored suits and light scarves but while Yvette Chauviré bows to the recent ukase (wishful thinking on the part of the milliners?) that hats MUST be worn, Madame Ulanova belongs to the bare-headed brigade.

Entertainment—but no black market—is

freely offered by the annual display of shop windows in that part of the faubourg St. Honoré, situated between the rue Royale and the Place Beauvau, where the super-luxury trade of Paris is housed. Every year a theme is proposed to the tradespeople and their shop-windows illustrate the matter with infinite variety. The subject imposed this time was "Evasion." It must have amused the escapists, if any. A furrier's window stages an escape from a zoo! A beauty parlour shows us Narcissus hypnotized by the glamour of his own reflection but since the fable tells us that he pined away and died his evasion does not seem a particularly good advertisement of aestheticians. I prefer the dream-like escape of the bookworm into the make-believe kingdom of the bluebird. This was presented in the window of a famous bookshop. One likes to hope that bluebirds are not early birds and do not care for worms. There are too many shops for one to write of them all. The windows are lighted till midnight every day and the show is scheduled to last till the middle of June. What will be seen throughout the summer is the newly illuminated Eiffel Tower. Floodlit from the base it menaces the sky like a golden aiguillette and looks very lovely.

Francis Carco is dead. He was the historian of the Bad Men and the Women of the Streets; he was also an exquisite poet and France mourns him. His real name was Francois-Marie Carcopino-Tusoli. He was a member of the Académie Goncourt and two years ago was awarded the Grand Prix for poetry by the Ville de Paris. So much for his official status. To all who knew him he was just "Carco." Katherine Mansfield wrote of him, when he was a very young man, with strange understanding in the story she entitled "*Je ne parle pas français*," and Carco, in a volume of souvenirs : "*Montmartre à Vingt Ans*" writes of Katherine with deeply tender friendship. He was also, much later, a friend of Colette's. We sometimes foregathered at the auberge of père Frédé on Montmartre. Frédé would strum on his guitar and Carco would sing. Yes, he had a charming voice to add to his other gifts.



The basilica of the
Sacré Cœur, seen
from Montmartre



THE
TATLER

At the Glyndebourne opera festival

PHOTOGRAPHED BY VAN HALLAN

On this and the following pages

The Tatler illustrates the opening of the festival of opera at Glyndebourne, Sussex. *Above:* The basket scene from Verdi's *Falstaff*, with Geraint Evans singing Falstaff and Ilva Ligabue as Mrs. Ford



Sir Denis Rickett (Third Secretary of the Treasury), Mrs. E. R. Wilkins with her father, Mr. M. Hurtley, and his daughter-in-law, Mrs. A. Hurtley

Left to right: Mrs. J. Bromovsky, Major Martin Soames, Mrs. Soames and Mr. J. Bromovsky



GLYNDEBOURNE—THE PLACE . . . THE PEOPLE



Mr. Osbert Lancaster with the Duchess of Buccleuch. Mr. Lancaster designed the décor for *Falstaff* and *The Rake's Progress*



Miss Barbara Howitt, the Covent Garden singer, with Mr. Andrew Porter. Mr. Porter is a music critic



Mr. Robin Howard and West End theatregoers nearly all we

Personal impression

by JENNIFER

The Glyndebourne Festival Opera opened their season (which goes on until 31 July) with Verdi's *Falstaff* in the original Italian, an opera first given at La Scala, Milan, in 1893. Osbert Lancaster has designed outstanding costumes and décor for the production, David Ellis is the choreographer, Vittorio Gui conducts the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, and the whole opera is superbly produced by Carl Ebert.

I was not able to be at Glyndebourne on the opening night as it clashed with the Earl of Dudley's ball, but I enjoyed a wonderful evening there two nights later when they again gave *Falstaff*. The gardens at Glyndebourne were, as always, looking lovely. It is a joy for guests, most of whom are in evening dress, to stroll on the lawns on a summer's evening admiring the yew hedges, the iris garden, and the beautiful borders before the opera begins,

and during the long interval after dinner. Catering facilities have greatly improved in the past three years under the management of Vernon Herbert, and we enjoyed a delicious hot dinner quickly served in one of the picturesque, beamed "Wallop" Halls close to the theatre.

Here I saw that grand personality Mr. John Christie, Glyndebourne's founder, who had his daughter Rosamund and a party of friends dining with him. Among those in the audience enjoying the opera that evening were Viscount Astor accompanied by Lady Rupert Nevill (who lives quite near at Uckfield). Also the Countess of Munster, who is a fine pianist herself, Sir Edward Boyle (Parliamentary Secretary for Education), Mr. John Davis, who brought a party, and Mrs. Guy Snyder with her sister, Mrs. Sheldon, who had come down from London.



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The front of the house at Glyndebourne, home of Mr. John Christie, who founded and personally presides over the festival



Van Hallan

... . THE PLAYERS . . . ON OPENING NIGHT



Miss Janet Yardley. Unlike Glyndebourne audiences wear formal dress



Mr. Moran Caplat, who is the general manager of the Glyndebourne Festival, with Miss Helen O'Neill



Mrs. R. Plugge and Mr. Peter Liddell. One of the attractions of Glyndebourne, besides opera, is the beautiful gardens



Foreign artistes singing at Glyndebourne in Falstaff are (left) Mme Graziella (who sings Ford) and Zealand's Cuenod. He sings Dr. Calus

Many visitors took advantage of the warm weather on opening night to picnic on the lawns. Right: Mrs. L. Branszky, Mr. G. H. Loxton-Peacock, Mrs. Loxton-Peacock and Dr. L. Branszky





THEATRE

Mr. Laughton sees it through

by ANTHONY COOKMAN

MENTAL agility in a fat man never fails, as the creator of Falstaff first realized, to tickle an audience. By substituting emotional delicacy for mental agility Mr. Charles Laughton is able to get much the same sure-fire effect. His way of wringing our hearts is to show how acutely a fat man may suffer. No one else does this sort of thing half so well, and it is good to have him back after a twenty-two years' absence from the London stage.

Some forty minutes elapse before his strenuously prepared-for entry into *The Party*, Miss Jane Arden's play of suburban failure and frustration at the News, but no sooner there than Mr. Laughton seems to absorb the rather dim little play into his own large personality. The character he plays has not been very well imagined by the author, but this makes curiously little difference. What fixes our attention is the larger-than-life demonstration that a man of such genial dimensions should be a quivering mass of nerves, that the smile on the broad face should be so small and tentative and that every blink of the flesh-covered eyes should register a fresh blow to his raw feelings. Miss Arden finds no way of bringing the sufferings of this chronic drunk to a significant crisis. No matter: we are still very sorry for the fat man Mr. Laughton plays so poignantly.

When the play has got this larger-than-life character effectively on to the stage it has done almost all that it seems capable of doing for him: the rest is left for the actor to do. Alcoholism has produced a touch of schizophrenia in the solicitor who has lost since forgotten any law he ever knew, and his hard-working wife and his sixteen-year-old

daughter are rather dreading his return from the Home. The daughter indeed has a marked dislike of her father and even persuades her harassed mother to put off his return until after her birthday party. He will only disgrace her. But Mr. Laughton arrives as the Chinese lanterns are being lit. He is deeply touched that his family and friends should have thought to celebrate his return, but the desperate daughter with cold-blooded cruelty sits down at the telephone and cancels all the invitations.

It is in this situation that the author leaves the actor more or less to his own devices. She has surrounded him with the lightly sketched characters of people who are all in some way afraid of life. Miss Elsa Lanchester is the lady who runs the mybom shop over the way and is desperately afraid she will never find a husband. Mr. John Welsh is the lodger whose primly



Father (Charles Laughton) discovers how much sharper than a serpent's tooth is a contemptuous daughter (Ann Lynn)—not to mention her boy friend (Albert Finney)

The prodigal father (Charles Laughton) finds a decidedly cool welcome awaiting him on his return from an inebriates' home. His wife (Joyce Redman, left) may be tolerant, but the family friend (Elsa Lanchester) is frankly panic stricken. The lodger (John Welsh) deplores the situation from the sidelines

correct manners are the only expression of kindly longings that his timid spirit dares venture on. Miss Joyce Redman is the desperately coping wife who has, reasonably, grown apart of her husband's monstrous remoteness from reality. Mr. Albert Finney is the young student who is afraid he is going to fail his engineering examinations and is still more afraid of the high, flashy ambitions that the young girl insists on foisting on him. And the young girl herself is afraid of the father. She is the apple of his eye, and she loathes him.

Mr. Laughton is brought into true dramatic relation with only one of these characters. In the best scene of the play he fleetingly reassures the boy who has come the expected cropper in the examination room, but, generally speaking, it is not through anything that happens in the play to the chronic drunk but simply through what he is that we get the feeling of drama going and coming in him. Mr. Laughton contrives to suggest the dawning horror of a man brought to realize that he has not only damaged his family's worldly prospects but has shut himself off from people he genuinely loves. He also suggests that the man, for all his faults, has a warmth of personality that less reckless people find wonderfully enheartening. He suggests no less clearly (though here the play would have us believe otherwise), that his case is hopeless. For the sake of a final curtain he may make it up with his daughter, but Mr. Laughton knows, and we know, that the poor man has no future. Yet so much in the round is the character exhibited that the total effect is far from depressing.

Note: Mr. Wolf Mankowitz, whose portrait was published on p. 509 last week, is the author of *Expresso Bongo*. He is also responsible (with Oscar Lowenstein) for presenting *The Party*, of which the author is Miss Jane Arden



MUSIC IN THE ROMAN BATHS LAUNCHES BATH'S FESTIVAL

A Ball to celebrate the opening of the Bath Festival was held in the Pump Room, where Jack Barker's band played for dancing, and in the Roman Baths, where a West Indian steel band provided the music. Above, left: Lady Susan Waldegrave and Mr. David Blacker. Right: Miss Patricia Lawrence, Mr. William Armstrong, Mr. & Mrs. Kenneth Jordan. Mr. Jordan is a member of the Bath Chamber of Commerce



The Hon. Teresa Pearson, débutante daughter of Viscount Cowdray, and Mr. Richard Meade



Admiral N. A. Copeman, who is head of the Admiralty at Bath, the Hon. Mrs. I. J. Pitman, wife of the M.P. for Bath, Mrs. N. A. Copeman and Mr. Justin Blathwayt



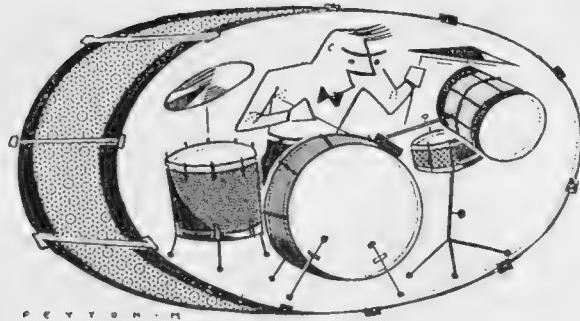
The Hon. Evan Howard and his wife, Lady Jane Howard. She was treasurer of the ball committee

Mr. Simon Campbell-Jones, who runs a garage, and Miss Mary-Rose Langmaid. She comes from New York

Mrs. A. Morley, the Mayor & Mayoress of Bath (Clr. & Mrs. H. D. Roberts) and Mr. Robin Morley. A Mayoral procession opened the Festival

Miss J. Fullard, a model, with Mr. A. Jackman, President of the Bath Chamber of Commerce and a member of the Festival Fund executive





RECORDS

Men with a message

by GERALD LASCELLES

MODERN jazz comes this week from The Jazz Messengers, a five-piece group who specialize in "hard bop." The leader is drummer Art Blakey, who fronts an alto sax/trumpet line of harsh tone and outspoken ideas. Theirs is the uncompromising attitude to the progress of jazz, never adopted by the greatest. If I hark back to the horn-blowing of Louis Armstrong with monotonous frequency it is because I recognize him as one of the all-time jazz stars. "Satchmo the Great" is an extract from his documentary film of the same name, now showing in Britain. The recording is not up to Philips standards, but the material, especially the Leonard Bernstein version of "St. Louis Blues," is of more than passing interest.

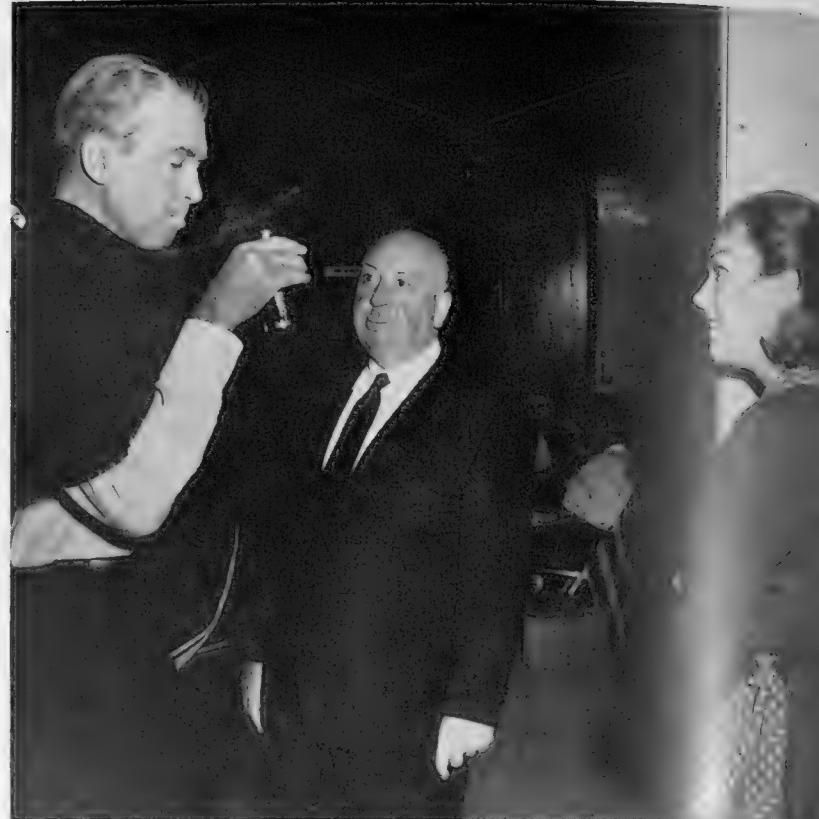
There have been a lot of other messengers about lately. The Granz circus brought its fair share—a singer extraordinary, Ella Fitzgerald, and two hard-bitten trumpeters, Dizzy Gillespie and Roy Eldridge. The trumpeters proved that jazz demands complete mastery of one's instrument, and this point was further rammed home by the most eloquent of white alto-saxophonists, Stan Getz. His early toneless bleatings have been superseded by exacting, imaginative solos. Tenor-man Sonny Stitt relaxed well in solo passages, and matched the quality if not the tone of old-timer Coleman Hawkins. My biggest impression of the Philharmonic jazzmen was the intensity of collaboration between Oscar Peterson and his top-grade rhythm men, guitarist Herb Ellis and bassist Ray Brown. In their success lies a measure of musical understanding which is only born in jazzmen of a high calibre.

The singing ladies are in form this month, starting with an impressive selection by my favourite cabaret singer, Lena Horne. Her style and diction are impeccable, and her voice has that vital warmth which is complementary to the performance of Gershwin's classic "Summertime" and of her famous version of "Stormy Weather." Another name has made the headlines recently—Cleo Laine, alias Mrs. Johnny Dankworth. The 31-year-old British singer recently made her stage début in the West Indian play *Flesh To A Tiger*. Her latest long player on Nixa, "Cleo's Choice," is a simple and listenable record, which captures her in a variety of moods.

A great jazz singer will be seen in England this week, when Billie Holiday appears for one performance at the Royal Festival Hall on Sunday, 8 June. She is to be accompanied by the Kenny Baker Dozen, one of Britain's most accomplished recording jazz groups. I shall welcome the opportunity to hear Miss Holiday, whose work with Teddy Wilson, Count Basie and Artie Shaw during the 1930s made her the top blues-singer. Her style has been the predominant influence on many of today's singers, but her individuality remains.

Selected Records

LENA HORNE	Stormy Weather 12-in. L.P. £1 17s. 6½d.	R.C.A. RD27063
LOUIS ARMSTRONG	Satchmo The Great 12-in. L.P. £1 17s. 6½d.	Philips BBL7216
THE JAZZ MESSENGERS	Hard Bop 12-in. L.P. £1 17s. 6½d.	Philips BBL7220
SONNY ROLLINS QUARTET	Worktime 12-in. L.P. £1 19s. 7½d.	Esquire 32-038
VICTOR FELDMAN	Transatlantic Alliance 12-in. L.P. £1 17s. 3d.	Tempo TAP19
NOËL COWARD	Successes (No. 2) E.P. 11s. 1½d.	H.M.V. 7EG8346

FILMS
TO
COME

Women stars in new films include: Kim Novak (top, with co-star James Stewart and director Alfred Hitchcock), who is a brunette in *Vertigo*; Diana Dors, who is in *Tread Softly Stranger* with Terence Morgan (centre); Natalie Wood (left), who has the name part in *Marjorie Morningstar*, the film of Herman Wouk's novel

CINEMA

Mr. Welles is so much larger than life

by ELSPETH GRANT

MISTER ORSON WELLES should long ago have committed to memory that little Gilbertian lyric which runs: "Stouter man I used to be, Still more corpulent grow I, here will be too much of me, In the coming y and by." Alas, the moment has passed. here is too much of Mr. Welles in *The Long, Hot Summer*—an otherwise admirable film based on stories by Mr. William Faulkner, produced by Mr. Jerry Wald and directed by Mr. Martin Ritt.

It is not merely in the matter of avoirdupois that Mr. Welles, now formidably paunched, is gone too far. Everything about him is grossly exaggerated: his lightest word is spoken in a deafening bellow—which, in conjunction with a Mississippi accent as thick as molasses in January, makes it pretty hard to understand him—and his laughter is like a clap of thunder dead overhead. His gestures are equally loud and he mugs away unmercifully—his features, in a perpetual state of upheaval, vibrating and revolving alarmingly round the stub of a fat seegar.

Even allowing that Mr. Welles is supposed to be a lusty, vulgar, domineering old devil from the Deep South, a modicum of restraint somewhere would have made his performance less heavily oppressive and the character more credible. A rich, self-made man of 62, he is obsessed with the idea of having a grandson before he dies. His married son, Mr. Anthony Franciosa, whom he despises, has failed to provide him with one, though not, apparently, for lack of trying. ("I shan't do wish you could find yo'self some other form of recreation," sighs Mr. Franciosa's pretty wife—Miss Lee Remick.)

Mr. Welles's daughter, beautifully played by Miss Joanne Woodward, reacting against her father's coarseness, has for some years persuaded herself that she has "an understanding" with a refined neighbour, Mr. Richard Anderson—a cold fish with a mother complex, who has never actually proposed to her. This anaemic relationship disgusts the impatient full-blooded old man: he makes up his mind that Miss Woodward shall marry a husband of his choosing—Mr. Paul Newman, a brash, virile newcomer to the town, as ruthless as Mr. Welles himself.

Miss Woodward's study of frustrated young womanhood vainly struggling to resist the confident masculinity and animal magnetism of a man she instinctively dislikes is the best thing in a picture fairly palpitating

with antagonisms and desires. The worst thing about it, apart from Mr. Welles's overacting, is the contrived ending which blandly implies that everybody is going to live happily ever after—as unlikely a proposition as ever I came across.

Excellently written by Mr. Carl Foreman, superbly acted by a splendid cast and directed with positively dazzling brilliance by Sir Carol Reed, *The Key* is a war film which I, who detest the genre, would not have missed for anything. It is a story of the ocean-going tugs engaged, during the last war, on convoy rescue duty in the Western Approaches. Inadequately armoured, equipped with obsolete guns, it is their job to bring to port merchant ships damaged by enemy attack. There is always the danger that the merchantmen may blow up in their faces and that they may fall victims to lurking U-boats: there seems little future for the tugboat captains and crews and it's small wonder that they show signs of cracking under the mental and physical strain imposed upon them.

Signorina Sophia Loren, who was to have married a tugboat captain, occupies a flat on the esplanade of their home port. Before her fiancé was killed in action, he gave the key of the flat to a fellow-captain—and a succession of these nerve-racked men have since, on their way to violent death, found refuge there. Mr. Trevor Howard, a hard-drinking, lovable wreck of a captain, is the current key-holder: to him Signorina Loren gives her compassion. To his successor, Mr. William Holden, she gives her love. Rising above a dark thought that she is a femme fatale who brings nothing but bad luck, Mr. Holden accepts it—but, through betraying his own declared conviction of survival, forfeits it.

Perhaps Sir Carol displays a certain hesitancy about the ending of the film—but there is none at all in his handling of the scenes of action at sea: tense with the feeling of fear resolutely overcome, they are as gripping and authoritative as any the screen can offer. Signorina Loren goes from inner strength to inner strength, is beautifully still and composed, Messrs. Howard and Holden have never been better, and there are exceedingly fine performances from Messrs. Bryan Forbes, Kieron Moore, Bernard Lee and Oscar Homolka.

We have had countless variations on



Sophia Loren and William Holden, two stars of *The Key* (reviewed this week), were presented to Princess Margaret at the London première of the film. The performance, organised by the Variety Club of Great Britain, in aid of the Invalid Children's Association, raised £7,000

The Lady of the Camellias but never, I feel sure, until *Camelia*, has there been one involving bullfighting. In this curious film, directed by Senor Roberto Gavaldón, the strikingly handsome Senorita María Félix figures as a Mexican actress doomed to play Marguerite Gautier on stage and off. In private life she falls in love with a bullfighter, Senor Jorge Mistral, and spends a blissful time accompanying him to corridas—watching poor bulls die with blood gushing from their mouths. But her awful past catches up with her. Her health is failing and the habit of renunciation (developed through repeated performances as Marguerite) is strong. For the sake of his career she gives him up and returns to her own—only to die of cancer on stage one night, just as the curtain falls on a packed house. A rather repellent piece which I cannot recommend to persons of sensibility.

Based on a novel by Miss Phyllis Bottome and directed by Mr. Clive Donner, *Heart Of A Child* is set in the Austrian Tyrol (lovely photography by Mr. Peter Hennessy) and tells an affecting little story of how a small boy (appealing Master Richard Williams) saved his adored St. Bernard dog from an unthinkable fate during World War I—when black-hearted butchers were on the look-out for any form of edible meat. Mr. Donald Pleasence is the boy's cruel father, Miss Jean Anderson his kindly neighbour, and little Miss Carla Challoner (a delightful child) his loyal sister. A charming, modest film.

In *The Big Money*, a haywire comedy directed by Mr. John Paddy Carstairs, Mr. Robert Helpmann, a crisp counterfeiter, Mr. Ian Carmichael, an expert pickpocket's maladroit son, and Miss Belinda Lee, a distinctly dressy barmaid, tangle over a stolen suitcase stuffed with forged one-pound notes. It is quite innocuous and not at all bad fun.



A HISTORY OF ESSEX

This is the title of a new book by A. C. Edwards (Darwen Finlayson Ltd., 16s.). The picture of Thames-side shows industrial Purfleet as it was 200 years ago

BOOKS I AM READING

She stayed home while hubby made history

by SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

IT HAS been a jolly time lately for *le highlife* in courts, embassies and stately homes, enjoyable for people who, like myself, are made happy by simple pleasures like reading other people's letters and goggling over the goings-on of dissolute peers.

First in protocol comes a marvellous addition to Napoleon-literature—*My Dearest Louise* (Methuen, 25s.) edited by Baron Palmstierna, hitherto unpublished letters of the Empress Marie-Louise to Napoleon, collected here with his replies to make up a complete correspondence.

These letters, covering the dangerous and dramatic years 1813-1814, present a very feminine, domesticated, passive sort of woman, not at all relishing her position as a bargaining-counter in the balance of power politics, and continually wishing that everything could be arranged satisfactorily so that her sadly interrupted family life could start again. Her husband was away making history, her father, the Austrian Emperor, was uneasily playing on all sides of the game at once, and poor docile Marie-Louise sat at home writing long letters to the thunderbolt hero who incongruously signed his affectionate letters back to her "Nap."

She had almond eyes, neat little curls, a placid, beautiful, slightly bovine profile, and pigeon-plump shoulders. The hero of her letters is really the poor little King of Rome, the treasured heir to it all—crying "King very glad" when there is news from Father, weeping when it turns out to be a letter and not Papa in the flesh, learning "The Grasshopper and the Ant" by heart, riding along the terrace of the Tuileries in his

little carriage drawn by two sheep, mad about "everything Military" and demanding a hat like those worn by the Mamelukes in the Guard, being persuaded to be nice to his Imperial grandfather ("He's Papa's enemy, and I won't see him"). The saddest sentence in the book is written to Napoleon from the Comtesse de Montesquiou, the child's governess: "Since he has noticed that a great many people have already left him, he is terrified that I too shall do the same, and will not let me out of his sight for a moment."

Napoleon decorated a pretty room for Marie-Louise in his hilltop villa in Elba, with doves and true-love knots fluttering over the ceiling to represent Marital Fidelity. This charming piece of décor, now on view to visitors, proved more permanent than its theme, for Marie-Louise, while obviously still cherishing great affection for her husband, subsided thankfully into an affair with General von Neipperg and a quiet life in the Duchy of Parma. Neipperg, who had a roguish black eye-patch, a wife and four children, had also the obvious advantages of not being a man of destiny, and of simply being there. Marie-Louise was not built for high tragedy; all to the good, perhaps, or we might have had a very different set of letters from these gossipy, breathless pages from a warm-hearted, lollipop girl in her early twenties whose head was constantly "in a whirl" with the responsibility of being married to an absent immortal.

She crops up again in *Frances Anne* (Macmillan, 30s.), Lady Londonderry's biography of the wife of the third Marquess of Londonderry, who visited Parma, took her

children to lunch with the ex-Empress and nearly miscarried in Marie-Louise's bedroom ("Whether it was worry or agitation about the children and getting their clothes out on the journey to make them smart or what, I don't know . . .").

Frances Anne, a very forceful, extrovert personality indeed, was the only child of wild Sir Harry Vane Tempest, handsome and dissipated in the best tradition, who spoke broad Durham and owned the great Hambletonian so marvellously painted by Stubbs. Frances Anne had a wretched childhood, befriended only by the servants, a natural son of her father's and her aunt, a ravishing beauty who insisted on disgracing her family by marrying a Member of Parliament ("a man whose person," wrote Frances Anne, "was as insignificant as his mind, whose birth was low"—he was the son of an architect—"and fortune trifling"—he had "only £4,000 a year").

Frances Anne herself encountered a good deal of opposition to her own marriage to Lord Stewart, later Marquess of Londonderry, who was Ambassador to Austria where he was known as the Golden Peacock or Lord Pumpernickel, and got himself into trouble by pinching high-born young ladies on the staircase at the Opera. It was a good marriage, and Frances Anne exercised her enormous zest for life by travelling about Europe (she made a conquest of the Russian Emperor), constantly having babies and very grand christenings, wearing magnificent jewels, writing letters (those enormous, unending letters, entrancing and voluble, of

Continued on page 601



Engagements

Miss Patricia Helen Barry to Mr. Peregrine M. H. Pollen

Left: She is the daughter of Lt.-Col. Gerald & Lady Margaret Barry, of The Warren, Great Witchingham, Norfolk. He is the son of Capt. & Mrs. W. M. H. Pollen, Norton Hall, Mickleton, Glos



Miss Patricia Eileen Hanan to Mr. Peter James McAlister

Right: She is the only daughter of Dr. & Mrs. H. G. Hanan, Meadowcliff, Mevagissey, Cornwall. He is the younger son of Mr. & Mrs. S. McAlister, Endways, West Byfleet

Harlip

Bassano



Fayer

Lady Sarah Bingham to Mr. William Gilbert Gibbs

She is the younger daughter of the Earl & Countess of Lucan, Hanover House, London. He is the younger son of the late Col. R. C. B. Gibbs & the late Mrs. Gibbs



Fayer

Miss Charlotte Ann Lyon to Mr. David Gerald Scholey

She is the daughter of the late Mr. J. S. L. Lyon, and Mrs. Colin Tapley, Park Mansions, Knightsbridge. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. D. R. Scholey, Eyhurst, Kingswood, Surrey



Fayer

Miss Anne Mary Dreyer

to Lt.-Cdr. Edward M. S. O'Kelly
She is the daughter of Rear-Admiral D. P. Dreyer, C.B.E., D.S.C. & Mrs. Dreyer, Sloane Mansions, London. He is the son of Mrs. W. M. O'Kelly, Berkhamsted



Yevonde

Miss Ann Katherine Cunningham to Mr. John Elworthy

She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. St. Clair Cunningham, Hallmanor, Peebles. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. F. J. Elworthy, Grove Hill, Hemel Hempstead



Elsmore

Miss Betty Allan Millar to Mr. Richard Burman

She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Robert Allan Millar, Warden Road, Glasgow. He is the twin son of Mr. & Mrs. A. J. Burman, Pruetts, Liss, Hampshire



Michael Dunn

Senorita Marta Luzi di Votalarca to Mr. Alistair H. Sampson

She is the daughter of the late Marchese Giancarlo Luzi di Votalarca & Contessa Luciana Piccone, of Florence. He is the son of Capt. L. N. Sampson, D.S.O., R.N. (rtd.)



Michel Molinare

NOTHING can be colder or wetter than yachting. It is not easy for a woman to look her best with waves breaking over the hull. But there is no need to look like a Giles cartoon. Yachting clothes can be attractive as well as practical

Tough and wind-resisting sailcloth is used for this scarlet shirt, edged with white saddle-stitching (*above*). Worn with very short matching shorts for fair-weather sailing. At Simpson, Piccadilly. Price: £2 12s. 6d. and £1 5s. respectively

SEAWORTHY

— and smart too



Black and white are as smart on sea as on shore. With this black-and-white striped sweater are worn a pair of drain-pipe black jersey slacks (*above left*). To keep the hair in place, an added dash of colour with a scarlet silk scarf. All from Jaeger's. The sweater costs 4½ gns. and the trousers 11 gns.

A heavy-knit sweater (*above right*) from Kennedy of Adara, hand-knitted in Ireland in natural-coloured wool by a crofter. The designs are traditional and have been knitted for centuries by the fisherwomen for their men. The oiled wool provides protection from the wet. At Dickins & Jones. Price: £4 19s. 6d.

Inexpensive blue denim trousers which stand up to rough usage are a necessity. Made in many shades, those shown (*top*) are matched with a blue-and-white turtle-necked sweater. Both from Harvey Nichols' Little Shop, Knightsbridge. Price: 32s. 6d. and 6½ gns. Dunlop's Magister Shoes, £1 19s. 9d.

Sprayproof and windproof



Michel Molinare

WHEN the spray is flying and a force 7 wind is blowing sailing clothes have to be able to withstand them. It is more important to be dry than glamorous in a gale. Here are examples of waterproof clothing that stand up to a good dousing of salt water

Left: Speeding out to the moorings in a fast motor-boat this yachting girl wears a chunky loose-fitting quick-drying sweater of yellow Orlon from Jaeger. Price: 8 gns. The boat is a Fairey-Campbell "Carefree," a 30-m.p.h. model designed for water-skiing and all aquatic fun. Price £712 10s. 6d.

Opposite: Indispensable to serious yachting are tough oilskins that stand up to the worst that nature can do. The girl's double-breasted yellow p.v.c. oilskin jacket (£4 12s. 6d.) and the matching trousers (£2 7s. 6d.) come from Simpson, Piccadilly

Charles Currey, the well-known Solent yachtsman, wears Jaeger's featherweight sailing suit in Mediterranean-blue waterproofed nylon. Price: 11 gns.





Photo: M. H. Morris

The sea look ashore

A navy sweater with a nautical air, the collar and cuffs striped with white. It is worn with a white jersey skirt. Both are from Jaeger. The sweater costs £3 15s. and the skirt 5½ guineas



A sky-blue pilot-cloth jacket with brass buttons and piped with white, worn over a white flannel skirt. With it is a silk Hermes scarf and a white stitched silk beret. All from Fortnum & Mason. Prices (respectively): £18 18s.; £7; £4 9s. 6d.; £6 19s. 6d.

As with all sports, yachting has its enthusiasts who only watch. Along the Cowes waterfront during the famous week, friends and families of owners can be seen parading between the Royal Yacht Squadron and the Island Sailing Club. Then slacks, oilskins and jeans give way to smart white-flannel skirts and navy reefer-jackets or the dress with the casual-tailored look



A jersey dress that will withstand wind and rain—for it is completely and quickly washable, being made of 100 per cent alabaster Courtelle, a new acrylic fibre by Courtaulds. This Dorville dress is belted at the waist and has the fashionable loose-hanging back. The dress needs absolutely no ironing and is quickly dried. It is also as warm and soft as wool to wear. Woollards, Knightsbridge. Price 14 gns.





John French

Match-making

CO-ORDINATION is the secret of smart dressing. For nothing looks more slipshod than a coat worn with a dress or suit with which it has little in common. Matita, famous for their classical suits, believe in teaming a top-coat irrevocably with what is worn underneath—in this instance, a suit in silk shantung, marron and white, which has a pleated skirt. The top-coat, a mixture of linen and rayon in a pale caramel, proclaims its allegiance by being lined with the same shantung as the suit. The three-piece can be bought at Harrods, London, and Rosetta, Bristol. Price approximately 49 gns. Hat in the same silk by Norman Edwin.

CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

A lipstick-holder for the dressing table (£1 18s.) and two American compacts. The one on the right is made in gilt with a white-metal motif and a jewelled clasp (£4 19s.). The other compact is also in gilt with a chevron design (£2 19s. 6d.).
Marshall & Snelgrove



BEAUTY

The upward look is young

by JEAN CLELAND

S AID a Continental beauty expert during lunch at a smart restaurant. "Do you notice how some women lift their brows, and others let them down? The first way is youthful and gay, the second ageing and sad. Look around you and you will see what I mean."

Since then I have discussed this question with other experts, and they are all agreed that the secret of a youthful appearance lies in knowing how to give a lift to the brows.

Starting with the hair, you have only to sit in front of a mirror to see the effect. Brush the hair down round your face, then brush it up. You will immediately observe how the upward line takes years off the age. A good hairdresser will shape the hair so that it gives a lift to the face. If you haven't been in the habit of having a perm, you will probably need one to help the ends of the hair to stay up more easily. You can then be given a sleek and well-groomed style that is smart and becoming.

The face itself can be lifted by means of special exercises to strengthen the muscles. Rose Laird believes in what she calls "knocking" to raise the contours. To do this, make a fist, and starting under the chin, move along the jaw-line up to the ears on either side of the face, using the knuckles, and pressing them into the flesh as you go. Maria Hormés, famous for her facial exercises, instructs her clients in special movements to firm the bone-structure. If these are done regularly, they result in a clear outline, and a very definite lift to the face. Flabbiness is dispersed and any tendency to droopiness entirely done away with. I have seen, more

than once, a face before and after these exercises. The difference is remarkable.

A few lines on the face are not unattractive as one grows older, as long as they do not pull the features down. To ensure that they run upwards, always massage in an upward direction. It takes no longer to do it correctly than to do it in a haphazard way that may easily stretch the underlying muscles, and pull them in the wrong direction. When massaging or cleansing the skin start at the chin, and work up and out along the cheekbones.

Two other ways of lifting the face can be



tried; by means of a face pack, or of a special lifting preparation. A good face pack or mask tightens the skin and corrects any slackness. It can be applied to advantage by older women, once or twice a week, and is specially effective before going to a party. A lifting preparation should be used daily, and moulded gently into the skin before putting on the foundation. It greatly encourages the upward trend, and improves the look of the skin round the eyes. Excellent preparations of this kind are made by Helena Rubinstein (Contour Film), Elizabeth Arden (Firmo-Lift) and Yardley (Captive Beauty). The directions are all extremely clear, and you will get good results if you follow them closely and do what they tell you regularly, for a few minutes each day.

Skilful make-up can give the effect of an upward lift, and remove the tired look after a busy day. Keep the rouge high up on the cheekbones, and fade it up and out towards the temples. To conceal darkness under the eyes, carry the rouge up very faintly toward the under-lashes. From the outside corners of the eyes draw a tiny upward line and blend it into the skin with the fingers so that it scarcely shows. From the outside corners, again, smooth the eye-shadow slightly up towards the brows, fading it away until it is practically indiscernible. If the eyebrows are arched and inclined to grow down at the outside, pluck these hairs away. You will then get more of an upward slant which is infinitely younger-looking.

It is important to remember that no creams and lotions, and no make-up, however skilfully applied, can be of much avail if one is looking overtired and exhausted. Nothing contributes to this state more quickly than feet that for some reason or other are aching and painful. Every step that hurts defeats the uplift look about which I have been talking, and affects one's appearance in a way that is very ageing. The pain may be due to a corn or hard callouses under the feet, in which case a good chiropodist is the answer. On the other hand, discomfort may be caused by heat, a condition which can be greatly eased by use of a good foot preparation, such as Rose Laird's "Foot Balm." Massaged well in, under and over the instep, and in between the toes after bathing, this is wonderfully soothing and quickly relieves any burning sensation. It is also a very effective deodorant.

Many people find that the strain of standing and walking in the hot weather tends to make the ankles swell. There are excellent treatments at some of the well-known salons for dealing with this. For quick relief at home, after a tiring day, soak two large handkerchiefs in cold water, sprinkle liberally with witch hazel, and wrap round the ankles. Then lie back with feet propped up on cushions or pillows so that they are raised a little higher than the head. This causes the blood to flow away from the ankles, and in so doing, reduces inflammation, and takes down the swelling.



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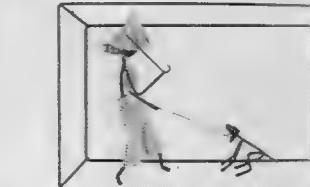
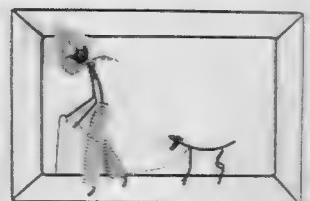
An original design of dining-suite from Italy in which the table-top, table legs and chair legs are covered with an Italian cream plastic material resembling hide. The suite, called the "Milan," costs £194 complete. William Perring, Kensington High Street

Australian walnut veneer is used for this sewing box (below, left) which shuts to form a table (£6 6s.) Perring of Kensington and Perring of Kingston

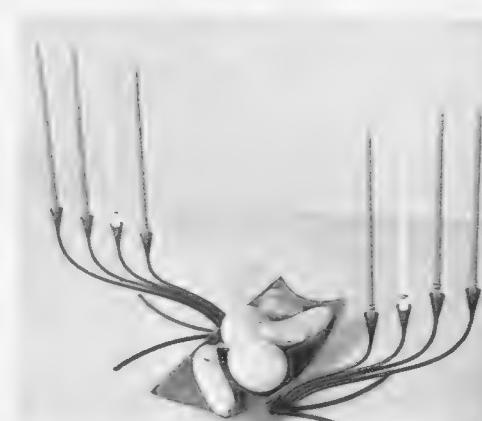
SHOPPING

Designed for today

by JEAN STEELE



The three wire pictures, *Man and Dog* (above), form an amusing sequence to hang in a contemporary dining-room. The little black man is dressed in a gay, checked material with a straw hat. (£4 5s. the set) Perring of Kensington



The Highland scene on the marquetry table (above, left) is inlaid in a variety of contrasting veneers. The top can be detached from the legs and used as a tray (£12 5s.). William Perring of Kensington and John Perring of Kingston

The elegant four-point candle-holders (above, centre) are made of wrought iron (26s. each) and hold red or yellow candles (9d. each). The bowl in English walnut is shaped by hand (£4 5s.). Perring, Kensington

Curved, coloured plastic sides give elegance to this Gondola-style divan bed (left). It comes from the Timeless Trend range (size 4 ft. 6 in., £33 7s.). Perring of Kensington and Perring of Kingston



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Gordon Wilkins with
the new Maserati
Gran Turismo 3500
he tried out

MOTORING

Lady at the wheel

by GORDON WILKINS

At last a girl driver has emerged who seems capable of challenging the men in their own special field of Grand Prix racing. Her name is Maria Teresa de Filippis and she has already driven a Maserati in the Grand Prix at Syracuse. In practice for the Monaco event she did a lap in 1 min. 48.8 sec., which was only nine seconds slower than the best lap by Tony Brooks. It was not fast enough to get her into the top 16 who were admitted to the race, but it was faster than the best by several well-known male drivers. She has broken into the most difficult of all branches of motor racing after a brilliant career on sports cars in Italy, and at a party given by Louis Chiron, veteran Monegasque champion and his wife at Monaco, she told me she hopes to come to England to try the Cooper which is now spoken of with awe since its victories in the first two world championship events of 1958. She is no muscular Amazon; she is petite, pretty and vivacious, and I predict that if she races in England you will not see her on the starting line for the press of photographers and cameramen.

From Monaco I drove down the length of the Italian Riviera which was really living up to its name of Riviera dei Fiori and took a look at the fabulous autostrada between Savona and Genoa which travels round this craggy coast on an almost continuous succession of bridges, tunnels and viaducts, before turning inland for Modena, to visit Ferrari and Maserati.

Commendatore Ferrari was conducting ex-King Leopold of the Belgians and the Princess de Rethy round the factory when I arrived. They have had three Ferraris already and are obviously enthusiastic Ferrari owners. Later, Ferrari and I had a long talk punctuated by his usual pungent assessment of cars, companies and drivers. One of his most appealing characteristics is

a humorous depreciation of himself and his cars; a trick which we like to feel is typically English. As I was leaving he came out to look at the Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud I was using for the trip, sat in it, admired the comfort and finish, and then said: "Of course, this is an automobile in the grand tradition. I merely make engines and stick wheels on them."

However, there is now a waiting list for his engines with wheels on, especially for the 250 Gran Turismo which he builds at the rate of 200 a year.

I tried one with a two-seater body by Pinin Farina, and it really is a fabulous car, quite unlike the popular conception of a Ferrari. Its V-12 3-litre engine, giving 240 horsepower, takes it away with whiplash acceleration, but there is no more than a suppressed snarl from the exhaust. The four-speed, all-synchromesh gearbox, is a dream to use, but the surprising thing is the top-gear flexibility. Put your foot down firmly at 20 m.p.h. and it swishes away as smoothly as if drawn on an invisible tow rope. It has the comfort and flexibility of a town carriage with the stability and safety margins of a thoroughbred sports car, and it reaches 100 m.p.h. so quickly that this becomes a practical speed for use on ordinary roads.

At the Maserati factory work was going on at full pressure despite the recent financial troubles. They are producing 20 a month of their new 3½-litre six-cylinder models, they have

just started testing the prototype of a new Grand Prix single-seater and they are building a 400-horse-power single-seater for Stirling Moss to drive in the Monza 500 miles race on June 29. They are also building quite a lot of machine tools. Not a bad programme for a company that is supposed to be on the rocks.

I tried one of the Gran Turismo models with a simple but elegant coupé body by Carrozeria Touring. The big 245-horsepower six-cylinder engine has not quite the turbine smoothness of the Ferrari, but it pulls away crisply from about 25 m.p.h. in top. Of course, if you switch to second gear and then to third, it tears up to over 100 m.p.h. in a few hundred yards and this is the way it asks to be driven. Steering requires more turns of the wheel than the Ferrari on sharp corners, but there is enough power to slide the tail if you like cornering that way. Both cars struck me as highly desirable properties, offering fast travel for two people and their luggage in superb comfort and security.

Modena has developed since I was there last. It has a new Palace Hotel with décor and furnishings which would create a sensation in any English provincial city except perhaps Coventry, and the autodrome has become an excellent sporting centre for cars, motor cycles, light aircraft and gliders. While I was there the elections were taking place in an atmosphere of unaccustomed calm, and conversation in the evening, when a young artist of the modern school, a doctor, an engineer and a couple of journalists were gathered together round a cage table in the square, centred mainly round the extraordinary success of Annigoni in England, which Italians apparently find it difficult to explain.

The general and critical appreciation of art is nothing new in Italian life, but it does help to explain why even the small artisan is capable of producing articles which are functionally effective and aesthetically satisfying. Take for example Seaglietti. Three years ago he was a sheet metal worker with a small car repair shop. Now he has a world-wide reputation as a coachbuilder, particularly as a producer of lightweight roadster and coupé bodies for Ferraris. I asked him whether he developed his designs by drawings or by scale models. "Neither,"

he said. "It wouldn't be any use. The chassis on which we work are often experimental, and when we get the chassis in the shop it may have the carburettors a couple of inches higher than we expected. That changes the whole line of the front, so we make up a frame of wire, bend it this way and that until the line looks right, and then beat out panels to fit over it." So another beautiful car is created, by eye and by instinct.



Maria Teresa de Filippis (right) at Monaco with the wife of Piero Taruffi (he won the last Mille Miglia). Maria de Filippis, who has already driven a Maserati in the Grand Prix at Syracuse, hopes to visit England to try the Cooper

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BOOKS *continued from page 584*

the Nineteenth Century) and briskly doing good works.

Her style is racy, casual, full of detail, peppered with French phrases, and amazingly modern—in St. Petersburg, where the bugs were cruel, she writes, “The Empress does dress! My!! Everybody is like a housemaid near her (by the by, there is no such thing in Russia) and has jewels on like Aladdin’s fruit.” But she thought the habit of never wearing the same gown twice, after the Empress’s example, was “*poussé trop loin.*”

She wrote of herself as a child, “I was singularly ugly . . . with immense feet, huge purple hands, greasy stubborn hair, and a fixed redness in my face.” Any woman with that sort of clear eye and level, factual tone of voice is well worth a book, and much of her quality seems shared by her admirable biographer.

Iiolet, Lady Hardy, the last of my aristocratic ladies, is the author of *As It Was* (Johnson, 18s.), an inconsequential, firmly idiosyncratic, occasionally very fierce book that gave me much joy. Lady Hardy grew up in splendour in the days of “squashes” at Devonshire House, hunted with evident zeal and determination, and once had “an amusing day with Lord Yarborough’s hounds” at the end of which she and a friend ordered a special train consisting of a first-class compartment and van for horses and groom, from Grimsby to Hull where they put up for the night. (“Enid’s maid turned up with rancour next morning. We had breakfast together in one bed, and ate crab with great relish.”) She also helped bounding Captain Dudley Marjoribanks, known as “Beef” in the Blues, with his quadrille.

Lady Hardy wrote a play called *Daphne’s*

The Graf Zeppelin lands on Lake Constance during practice for the Arctic journey it made in 1931. From *My Zeppelins* (Putnam & Co.) by Hugo Eckener, the airship designer



Decision for amateur performance (“My pretty cousin, Margot Gilliatt acted the heroine—the same girl who used the powder puff at the Eton v. Harrow match at Lord’s. What fun we had, and we combined the Rugby Hunt Ball.”). Her three-act play *Riding For A Fall* was put on at the Sloane Court Theatre for charity, with Herbert Marshall as the hero (“As he had recently lost a leg he did excellently as the army officer invalided home.”). She saw Sarah Bernhardt in *L’Aiglon*, also with one leg, and was moved by her indomitable will-power (“I fancy she had to lose the other leg before she died.”).

Lady Hardy is in favour of Monarchy (“A hereditary King and Queen is best and soundest policy”) but otherwise takes a pretty poor view of the world today. “The order of nature seems on the wobble,” she says memorably, and gives Youth a straight back-hander: “What would Mrs. Kemble

have thought of the young people nowadays, when they discuss sex on the B.B.C. and give their blasted opinions on God knows what?” In 1949 she noted with pain that the House of Commons was “an unkempt shabby crowd—and many wanted a hair-cut.” On atomic energy she remarks dubiously—“Be it a scientific defence or eventually the housewife’s joy and emancipation?” Her grandfather was fag to Byron (“Rather a strange friendship, I should say, Byron being Byron and my father being rather a religious and serious-minded man”). She was born, “an ordinary, well-born, healthy and normal-minded girl,” at a time “when peace and prosperity were ours.” She closes on a fairly hopeful note (“Now we are in the sunlight of real peace, and I must make an emergency exit,”) but I still tremble to contemplate what Mrs. Kemble would have thought. Let me spare her shade my blasted opinion on God knows what.

FAMILY TREES — 4



Viscount Nuffield

by L. G. PINE

No one in the House of Lords has a more interesting lineage than Viscount Nuffield. Indeed, if the word *unique* had not been overworked we might well apply it to the Morris pedigree. Sir William Morris, Viscount Nuffield, is the 11th generation of his family derived from one John Morris of Kiddington, who lived in the early Tudor period before the first Queen Elizabeth came to

the throne. Throughout these 400 years the Morris family lived in Oxfordshire in much the same area—Kiddington, Woodstock, Long Combe, Charlbury, etc.—always figuring as tenant land holders.

Thus far it is a yeoman pedigree of the sterling quality that has produced so many of England’s greatest men. But no less an authority than the *Complete Peerage* has traced the line of the Morrises for a further 300 years before the mid-16th century. The editors of that work say that the earliest reference they have found to the Morrice family in Oxfordshire (spelling of surnames in England has always varied until recent times) is to one William Morrice who lived in 1278. This was in the reign of Edward III, and William Morrice held land in Stratford of the Manor of Hook Norton.

The successor of William was Thomas Morrice who held land at Sandford in 1316. The family is then traced for several generations in connection with manor-court rolls at Witney and Eynsham. In this way a succession of Morrices (presently spelt as Morrises), with Christian names of John and David, is proved right down to 1524. This is almost in the same generation as the John Morris of Kiddington mentioned above. In all probability, adds the *Complete Peerage* (Vol. XIII), the Eynsham Morris line were the ancestors of the Morris family of Kiddington.

Here is true romance. From Edward III to Elizabeth II is a span of seven centuries which saw the evolution of half an island into a mighty empire and Commonwealth. A yeoman family, never landowners but always tenants in the same English county, produces at last, in the latter period of Queen Victoria’s and Edward VII’s palmy days, a man of vast ability and skill, the most princely benefactor in England’s history. His enterprise has made the name of Morris a household word. The tracing of Viscount Nuffield’s ancestry is a tribute as well to the quality of our public records as it is to solid qualities inherited through 20 generations of English men and women.



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DINING IN

Come to the barbecue

by HELEN BURKE

I, FOR one, would urge anyone whose husband likes barbecue cookery to encourage him. It can be a relaxation for him (to say nothing of *her*), and now's the time to buy an outfit.

If it were not for the authentic charred flavour burning charcoal introduces into meat, ordinary grilling or spit-roasting would do very well. If, therefore, a barbecue is planned and the weather happens to be wet, the meats can just as well be cooked indoors.

Where the grill is in the top of the oven you can spit-roast a chicken or a rolled shoulder or leg of lamb or veal, or sirloin of beef, and it is a simple matter to have enough barbecue sauce in the tin in which the spit rests for the chicken or meat to be bathed in it when turned. This, however, is not possible when one cooks over glowing charcoal. Then the sauce has to be brushed on. Various types of inexpensive spits are available.

Cooking *en brochette*—cooking on skewers—is something anyone can do. The first meat to be considered for *brochette* cooking is lamb. If the butcher cuts two thick slices from the top of the leg, it is a simple matter to cut them into squares. Marinading meat is not an absolute necessity, but it is an exceedingly good idea. For 6 *brochettes*, make the marinade (a thin tenderizing sauce) with a sliced onion, a chopped carrot, a spray of parsley or marjoram, a sprig of thyme, a crushed clove of garlic, a few roughly ground peppercorns, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint red or white wine (or, if you like the American idea, tomato juice) and a tablespoon of lemon juice.

Bring these to the boil, leave to become cold, then pour the sauce over the squares of lamb. Turn them from time to time. They are better when prepared the day before they are required. After several hours at room temperature, transfer the meat in its marinade to the refrigerator.

The skewers I use (inexpensive ones bought from Cadec in Greek Street) are sharp but flat like a bayonet, and 12 inches long.

A pleasant mixture possible now is, first, a smallish whole tomato, then a square of bacon, then one of lamb, another square of bacon, a suitable slice of blanched onion, not cut across but peeled around so that it will hold together, more bacon and so on. Between any of these, separated as before with squares of bacon, have pieces of unpeeled aubergines, a bay leaf, and washed but unpeeled whole mushrooms. Repeat until each skewer is full.

If you want the lamb to be pinkish inside, pack everything tightly on the skewers; if not, leave a little space on each side of the meat.

Add 1 to 2 tablespoons of olive oil to the strained marinade liquor. Pour the mixture into a long baking tin. Rest the skewers on it and baste them as they are grilled. Halfway through the cooking, sprinkle them with pepper and salt.

Since the end of the war there has been a growing interest in eastern Mediterranean foods, encouraged by the number of cookery books. In the latest of these, *Turkish Cooking*, by Irfan Orga (Andre Deutsch, 10s. 6d.), I was pleased to find this one, which I enjoyed recently in Israel.

For "Kofte on a Skewer," you require: 1 lb. minced lamb (uncooked), 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon finely chopped thyme, 1 teaspoon garlic salt, juice of 1 large onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon white pepper and 2 tablespoons olive oil.

Grease the skewer well by putting it through a piece of suet. Mix all the ingredients well together (excepting the olive oil) and knead thoroughly. Grease the palms of the hands with the oil and shape the meat mixture into small sausages. Brush well with oil, thread carefully on the skewer and grill 6 minutes, turning continuously. Serve garnished with chopped chives.



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VICTOR LEDGER, director of the Wellington Club, in the kitchens with Auguste Printemps, the *maître chef*. M. Printemps, who comes from the South of France, has worked at the Ritz and Claridge's. He has been at the Wellington two years

DINING OUT

Look back in hunger

by ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

NOSTALGIA can be overdone, but it can on occasions result in some excitement. So it was when, as a guest of the Earnest Drinkers' Club at the Gore Hotel in Queen's Gate, I was invited to choose the menu.

The menu I chose was that of a dinner which took place at Pagani's in Great Portland Street in 1896. Not only did I give them the menu, but the exact price that was charged for each course in that year. It left the chef speechless and Peter Herbert, resident director, asked me why I thought members of the Earnest Drinkers' Club would be prepared to pay several pounds per head in 1958 for a meal which cost only a few shillings in 1896.

So we compromised and cut down the original menu to manageable size.

The original I found in a prized possession—a book called *Dinners and Diners*, published in 1899, and written by Lt.-Col. Newnham-Davis.

There is no doubt that the gallant colonel knew his way about and he describes down to the smallest detail his gastronomic experiences and the guests he entertained at the time at 47 restaurants or hotels, many of which, such as Pagani's, no longer exist.

Here is the menu which *maître chef de cuisine* at the Gore, Emile Huss, prepared for us—all items being taken from the original menu at Pagani's—together with the price which Col. Newnham-Davis paid for each item for one person, the figure in brackets being what the equivalent dish would cost you today at the Gore Hotel: *Potage bortsch*, 9d. (5s.); *Filets de sole Pagani*, 1s. (8s.); *Tournedos aux truffes, haricots verts sautés, pommes croquantes*, 1s. 6d. (15s.); *soufflé au Curaçao*, 9d. (6s.); and *café*, 6d. (1s. 6d.). Today 35s. 6d. yesterday 4s. 6d.

At Pagani's they had two pints of Veuve Clicquot which cost them 14s.—say a bottle and a half; today at the Gore it would cost you at the least 66s. Time marches on and prices certainly seem to be keeping in step.

I had my first *Filets de sole Pagani* at Pagani's in 1924. What a famous place it was in its heyday. The walls of the Artists' Room were covered with thousands of signatures of such diverse personalities as Tchaikowsky, Melba, King Edward VII, Caruso, Oscar Wilde, Puccini, Maeterlinck, Sarah Bernhardt, with caricatures by Phil May, and heaven knows what else. Edward Cecil wrote about the walls of this room, "On them, carefully preserved under glass panels, are five thousand signatures, sketches, scrawled bars of music, or other autographs, left behind by men and women who in this room, where they have known some of the happiest hours of their life journey, have been moved to give their testimony to a well-liked place, where they have rested and enjoyed the good fellowship and the comfort of human life, lived as it can only be lived by those who are not dullards."

Alas, it was bombed to complete destruction and its equivalent is never likely to reappear.



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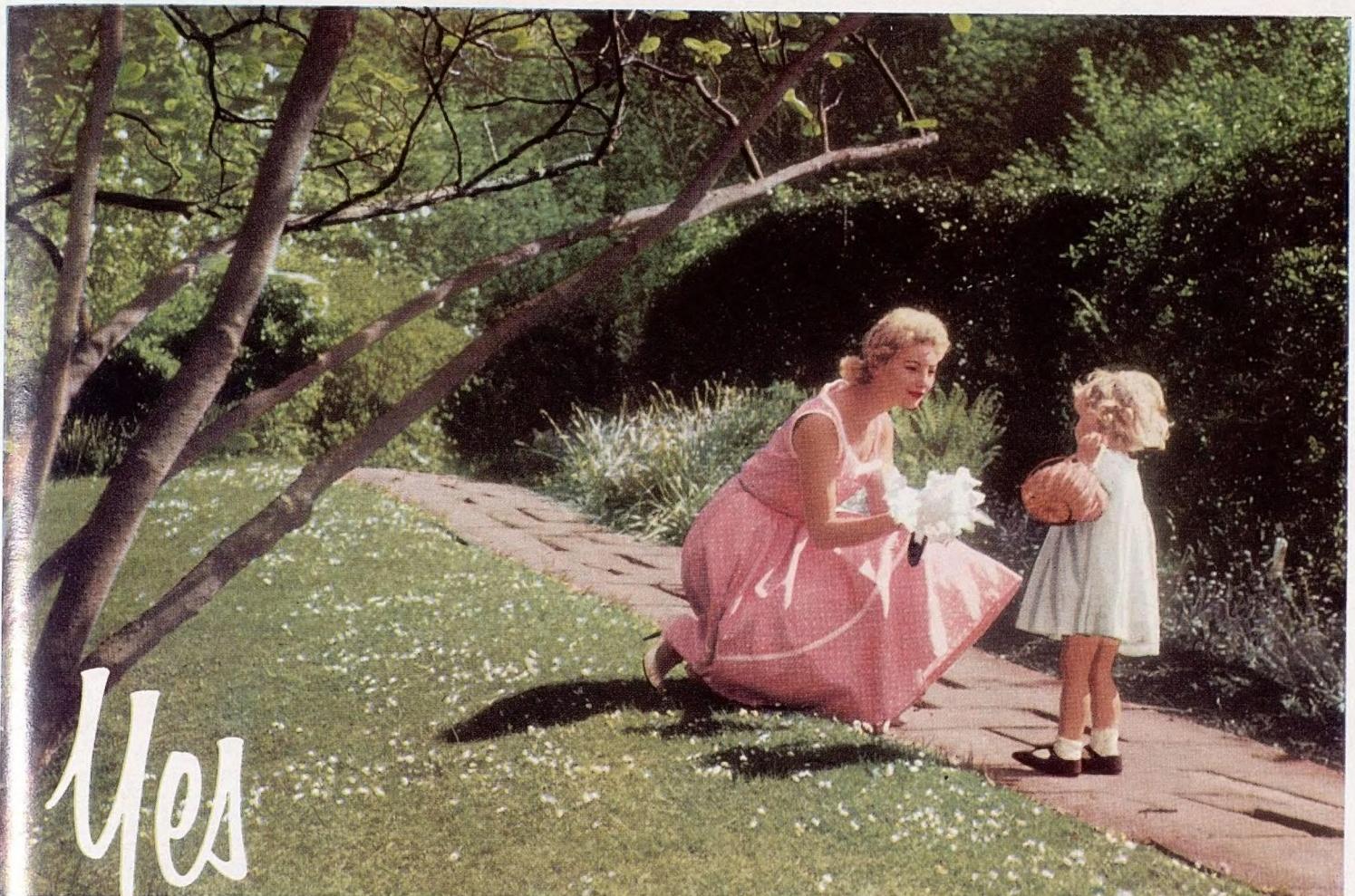


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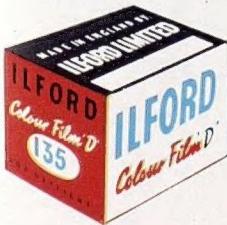
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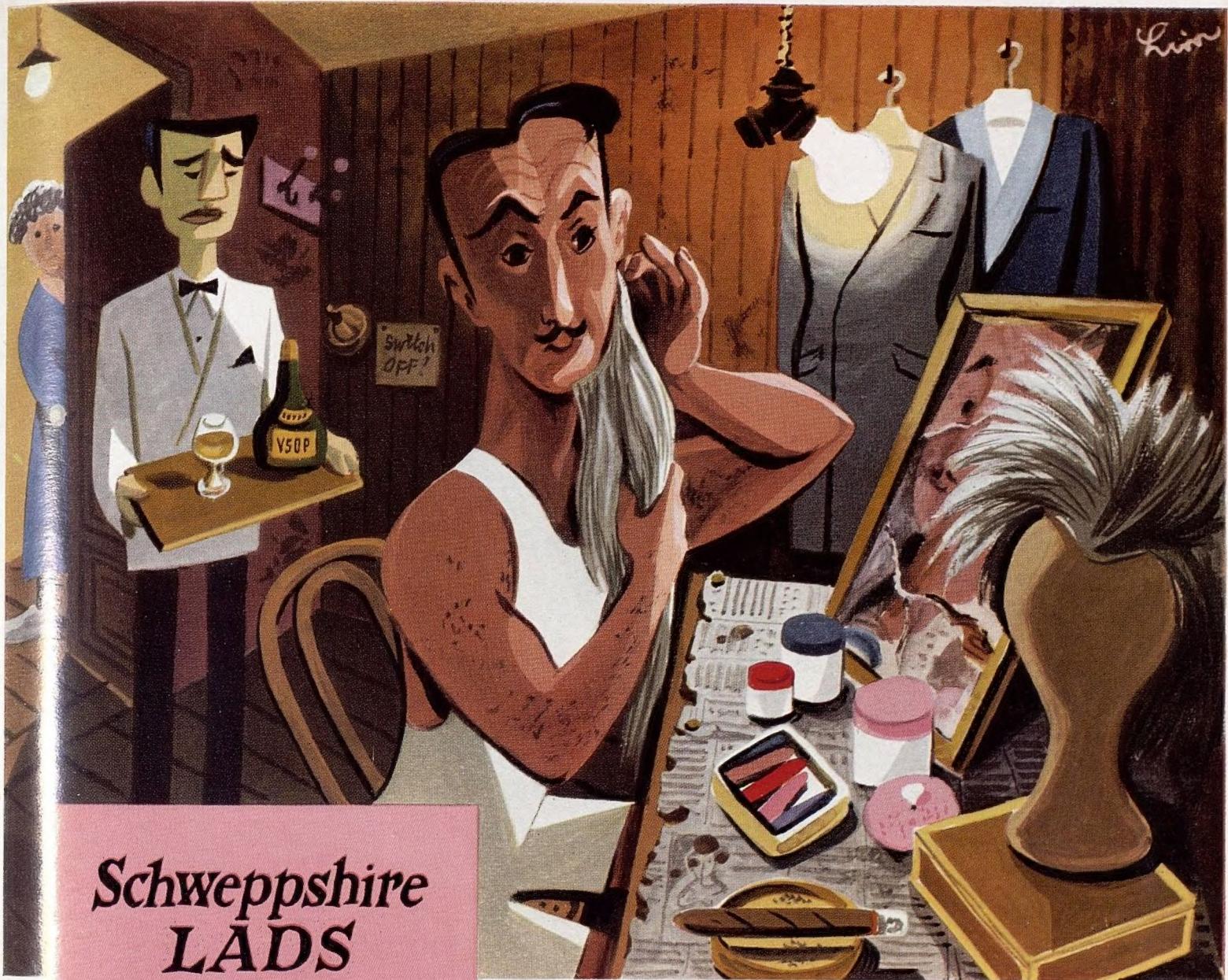
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The story of J. R. B. D. Penniwell, the actor, has a happy ending, though it is not generally known what this is. His early training admirably suited him for the stage. With parents in Simla, a great-aunt who was a Lady-in-Waiting, and a prep school overlooking the exact right piece of the East Sussex coast, it was not surprising, with his initials, that he played cricket during his year at Cambridge for the Ice Cream Cornets; though his total name more closely suggests his secondary aspiration, which he achieved when he played lawn tennis—actually men's doubles, if rather base line—in the first County meeting after the War.

Obviously destined for straight stuff, he was offered, after 6 months' training in Basic Movement at the Boltons Academy, a part at the Haymarket Theatre, where he appeared in the last five minutes of *Murder by Proxy* as the very sound young man who in fact actually did it.

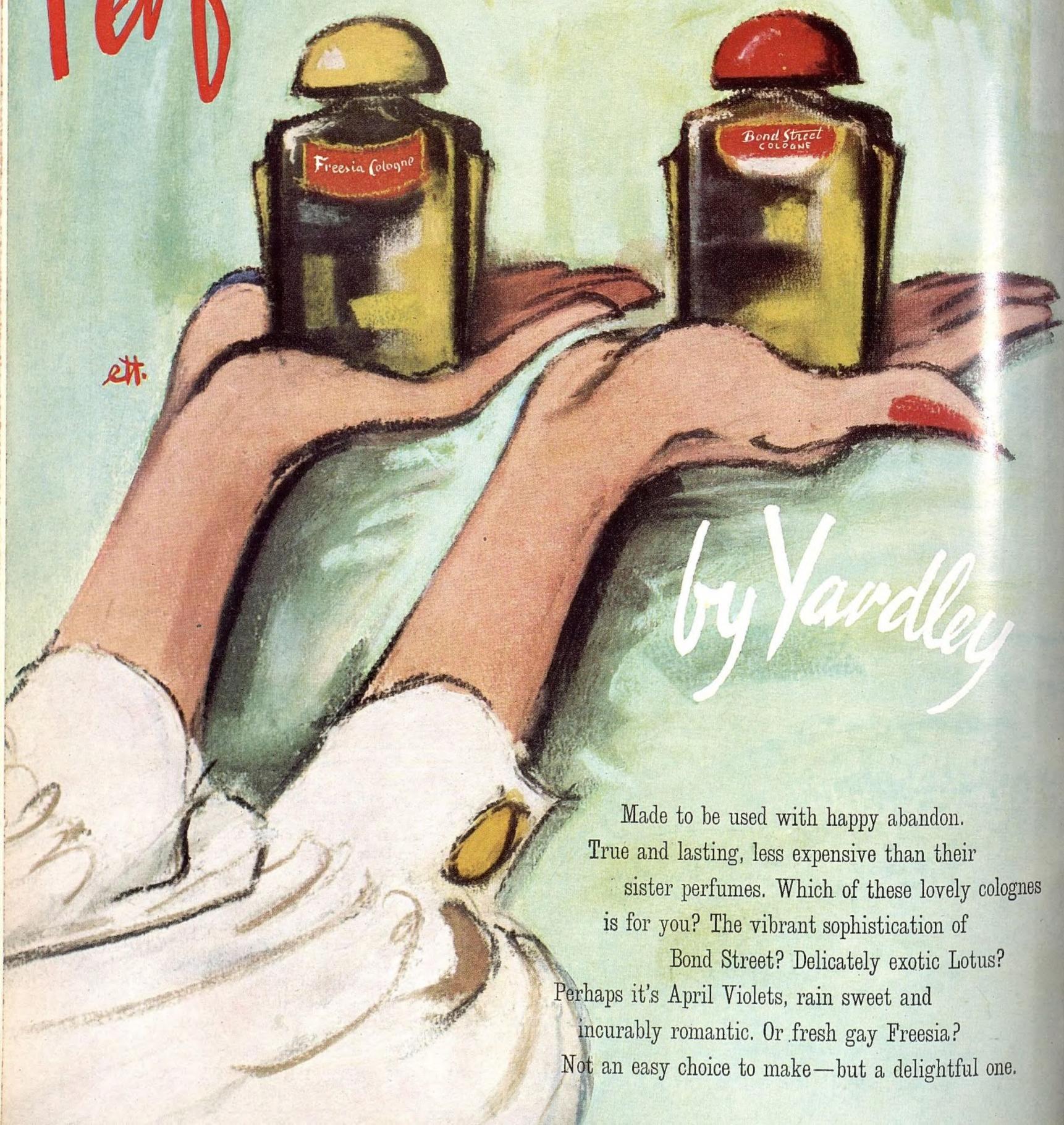
He was so sound and young over such a long period that he was asked to be sound in Beverly Hills where he rented a house, a replica in stucco of the cottage of a Normandy fisherman which his agent advised him to convert into an imitation of a Somersetshire tithe barn.

But as time passed it seemed to him that he was becoming so generally recognised that nobody ever actually remembered his name, and it made him discontented. He suffered from irrational fits. He took a dislike to his stage friend Overman, who though totally unsound had been born practically in the wings of the Old Marquess Music Hall, O.P. side. He made attempts to do unsuitable things. He took the part of Kant in a Third Programme dramatised biography of this philosopher. But it was not until he played the part of King Lear for six weeks at the Coldmarsh Repertory Theatre, at a salary of £4.15 a week that he was genuinely mentioned in the Sunday newspapers, and finally accepted not only as an actor, but as a man whose blood, besides being blue, reeked of grease paint as well.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him



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